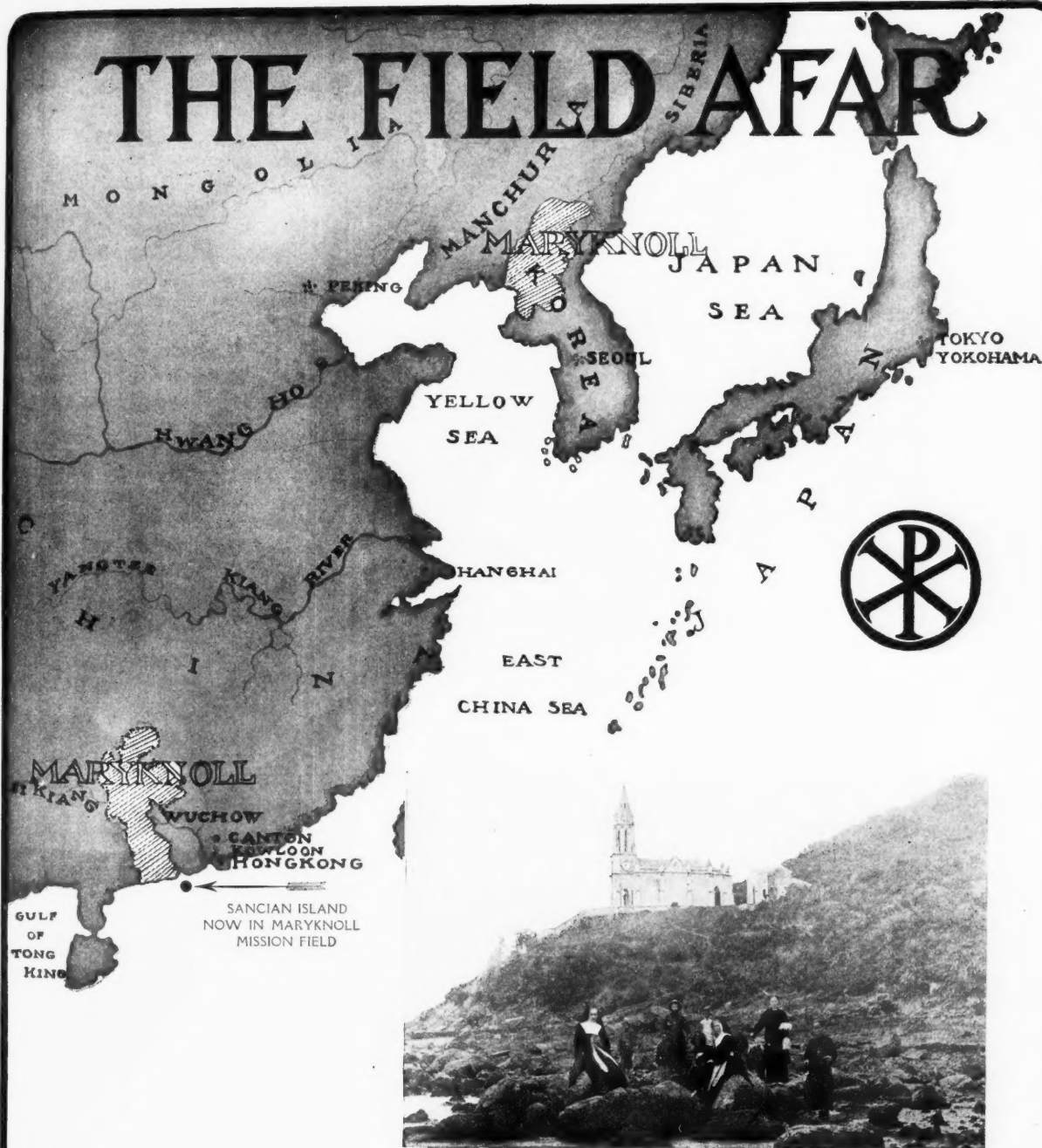


THE FIELD AFAR



SANCIAN ISLAND WHERE ST. FRANCIS XAVIER DIED

MARYKNOLL N.Y.

MAY - 1924

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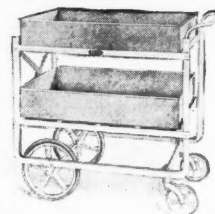
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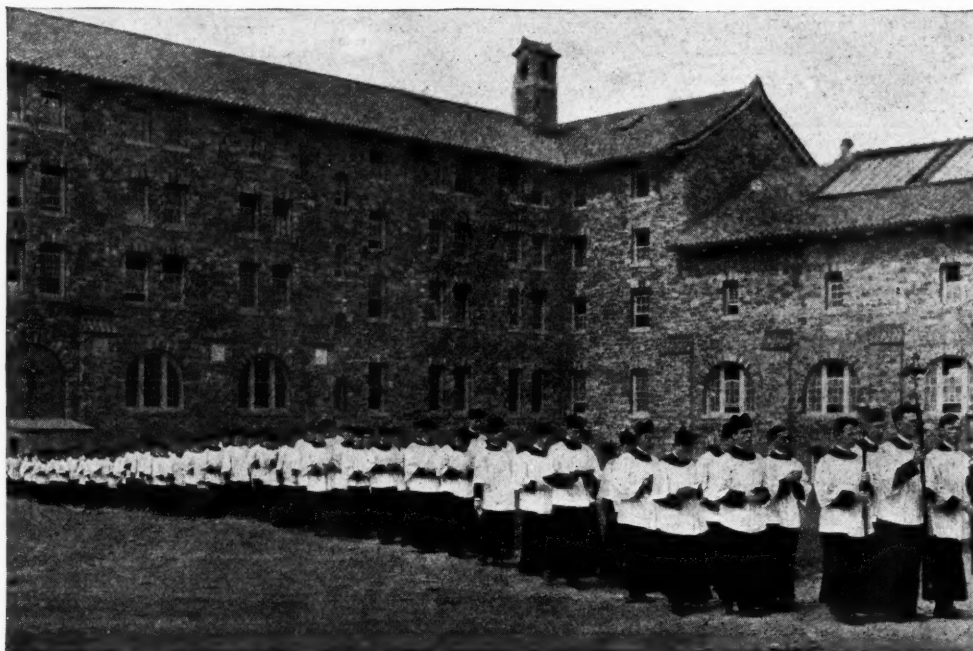
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Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

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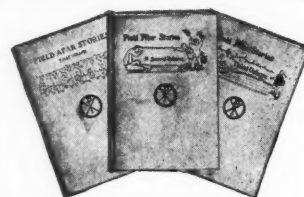
CONTENTS.

<i>Mother Mary Joseph's Journey</i>	131
<i>Sancian Island</i>	135
<i>Fr. Meyer's New Fields</i>	137
<i>Fr. Ford Notes Progress</i>	141
<i>Editorials</i>	142
<i>Corporation Report</i>	144
<i>The Vénard</i>	149
<i>The Store Across the Way (Story)</i>	152
<i>Frozen Leaves from Korea</i> ..	154
<i>Persons and Things Medical</i> ..	156
<i>Circles to the Front</i>	157

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Mother Mary Joseph's Journey

In Divination Alley and Other Haunts of Yeungkong. The American Sisters' Activities, Travels, and Waits in the Old Land. At Home in a Chinese Household.

MANY of our readers know that, last September, when the third group of Maryknoll Sisters went to the Far East, they were accompanied by their Superior, Mother Mary Joseph (Rogers), who, after considerable delay and hardships incidental to junk travel, managed to reach Yeungkong, where the Maryknoll Sisters have their first mission. Our readers will follow with keen interest Mother Mary Joseph's impressions:

Yeungkong was interesting to me, and full of novelty. I never tired of the narrow streets, lined with walls broken every fifteen feet by black wooden gates opening into courtyards, beyond which are houses whose wide-flung doors reveal a few, invariably dust-covered pieces of furniture, white-washed walls relieved by an occasional tawdry picture or bright red strips of paper bearing some superstitious invocation, and children playing on dirt floors with chickens and pigs for companions. Then there are the shops, interesting but not attractive. We found little in Yeungkong to tempt us outside of brass scissors and knives, and the famous pigskin boxes—water, animal, and insect proof—in all of which we indulged.

Divination Alley, on which our mission compound is situated, lies in the educational section of the town, and besides our establishment boasts a government school and a Presbyterian doctrine room.

Most of the houses in the city are one story and consist of a series of rooms on the same level—in many cases each room housing an entire family plus the chickens and pigs. These houses have gray tile roofs. Our convent, three stories high, of terra cotta cement, the school of the same material but only two stories, and the home, one story but of cement, stand out strikingly.

Here in China it is quite the proper thing to expect to be shown a house,



and it is not at all unusual for women and children to ask to go through the convent. They are taken into the public rooms and the second story porch and go off delighted. One day the mandarin and his "suite" came with Fr. Ford.

I have sometimes heard our Sisters speak of their need of amahs (servants), and it is only when here that one can appreciate that they are indeed a necessity and not a luxury. Then, too, much of the work must be directive, thus increasing the extent of usefulness, and this is especially true while the Sisters are obliged to spend three hours a day on the language.

The Sisters are well taken care of spiritually. On Tuesday morning, the

priest detailed to convent duty for the week gives the meditation; on Thursday, the Holy Hour; on Sunday, a conference; and he takes care of Exposition on First Friday. Wednesday afternoon, Fr. Ford gives a mission conference.

The dispensary is on the ground floor and Sister Lawrence is in charge. The crèche is within our wall, in front of the convent, and Sister Barbara is responsible for it. Such horrible sores as people have here! It certainly requires a real supernatural motive to care for the poor, filthy creatures that come for relief. And the babies! Some of them are sweet and lovely after they have been bathed and dressed, but most of them are pitiful little scraps, emaciated, covered with sores, often dying. Some days as many as three are brought in.

Every afternoon at three o'clock, there are baptisms in the church. When the little ones die, Malea, alias Buffalo Bill, the gatekeeper, takes them in a basket to the cemetery, digs the grave, and buries them.

The children who look well are given out to wet nurses, who are required to bring the babies in each week for examination, and receive their pay. It was a picture to see the procession and



CONDUCTING A COLLEGE CIRCLER THROUGH ANCIENT ARCHES.

YOU SAW THEIR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE FIELD AFAR.

Sister Barbara trying to make sure the babies were ours, scolding some, praising others, and paying all the sum allowed them.

Sister Dolores has the old folks, a wonderful group of vain, garrulous odds and ends, but lovable withal. They have the front of their house, and it is immaculately clean. They sew for themselves and the orphans, eat at a common table—their greatest trial, as each would love to cook her own little meal—go to Mass daily and to the church in the afternoon for prayers.

The orphans, the lame, and the blind are in the rear, and Sister Thomas is their guardian. Every one loves these waifs, the old folks, even, feeling that they must mother them a bit.

The Sisters are anxious to have them learn some industrial work. At present a couple of the blind children can knit. Sister Mary Magdalen is starting the oldest one on the organ. Sister Thomas takes all of them for a walk along the pond every day, and the soldiers on the other side of the pond, on guard at the city gate, invariably call over to ask what the Sisters are doing, and then reply over and over, *You sam* (you have a heart).

The school is under Sister Francis's direction. She teaches English and music—all other subjects, reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, sewing, ethics, and catechism, being taught by Chinese teachers. We have a primary and a lower secondary school, the latter opened on the Feast of the Presentation, with five pupils. The number will be augmented after the Chinese New Year.

Sister Rose has just organized a married women's class which promises to become popular. Everyone must study the doctrine—we require that of all who come under our care, even of the servants on the missions—and, besides, reading, writing, arithmetic, and ethics are taught. Sister has also started a library which will give those who can read a chance to get more than their little catechism gives. She plans to do much through pictures—and you must all be on the watch for good ones that will be instructive.

"A spoiled dog will steal his master's dinner," says the Chinese proverb. But a spoiled dog would only sniff at the meager fare in Fr. Ford's Poor House at Yeungkong. He keeps the bill down to \$5 a head in order to let you pay for it.

Her special work is the very important one of gathering and instructing the women, hitherto neglected because there were no women to look after them.

High Mass is celebrated—Asperges and all—on Sundays and feast days, the Sisters singing. They have a very poor organ, worse than the portable one at home, and I played to give Sister Mary Magdalen a little relief. I felt—and I am sure, looked—most uncomfortable, pumping at a rapid pace to get a squeak out, and trying to substitute notes for the voiceless ones. After Benediction in the afternoon, one of the boys carries the organ to the convent for Benediction there.

We enjoyed the food at Yeungkong. The Sisters have a cook who knows American ways and most of her productions are very palatable. We had very good chicken and duck, pork chops, buffalo meat—a bit strong—eggs, rice, rather tasteless vegetables, beans, soup, and several kinds of fruit. Very rarely have they canned butter. In the yard are several banana trees, and a papaya tree, whose fruit when green is served broiled, as a vegetable, and when ripe, raw, like a melon. Sister Dolores has quite a garden planted—lettuce, beets, white and sweet potatoes, turnips, squash, and tomatoes, which seem to be growing well.

There is no such thing as fresh milk, but I found, in a short time, that evaporated, condensed, or powdered milk were quite palatable.

The people are very friendly, and, when we take a walk and peep into

their houses, urge us to come in and have some tea. Their curiosity is childlike. Every one asks, as we go along, "Where are you going?" "Where did you come from?" "What did you buy?" As a matter of course, we reply, "Looking around," "We came from America." Or, if we have packages, we mention something we have bought.

I am writing now on the junk, surrounded by men who can't understand my fountain pen and my rapid writing.

The new army, quite military looking, came in with bugles playing and flags flying. Fr. Ford, one of the Protestant ministers, and the local mandarin were fêted by the new general, who promised protection. And he lived up to his word. Soldiers caught stealing were shot; and he sent out sections of his force to drive off the bandits. Every hill was well guarded, one of them with a cannon—probably the only one in the army, but it was shifted several times so that it appeared quite formidable.

When we left Yeungkong, after four o'clock Mass, at which four of our little schoolgirls made their first Communion, all was peaceful. All our people had gathered to bid us farewell and beg us to return. It was not easy to leave our Sisters with whom I had spent such happy, happy hours, to feel I was going so far from them, and that we might meet again only in heaven. But it was Our Lady's Festival, and thoughts of her as the real mother of us all soon restored peace to my lonely heart, for I knew my babes were safer in her keeping than in mine.

A few of our missionaries are ready for a stereopticon lantern, and if you have one that needs a little dusting, now is the time to have a final dusting given to it. Some slides on the life of Christ are ready at Maryknoll, waiting for the instrument of projection.



WHERE THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS LANDED AT YEUNGKONG.

How these women, eating the food they do, are able to perform such continuous feats of strength is a mystery.

According to the schedule mapped out, we should have been back in Kowloon by November 25, but not a junk came after Sun's men left, for the two ports, Yeungkong and Kongmoon, are held by opposing forces. We expected daily to learn of the fall of Kongmoon or Yeungkong, but nothing happened, and Fr. Ford decided we had better take a roundabout trip. And so off we started in the early morning—Fr. Ford, his boy, old Ho, the catechist, Sister Paul, Agnes, an amah, and myself—with all our baggage.

A delightful sampan sail of some two hours down the Yeungkong River brought us to Foocheung, where we were to take chairs—provided I would fit in one. In case of my failing to do this, Fr. Ford said we would have to return till we could get a junk, as he would not listen to walking the distance; and you may well imagine my fears.

My best contortions got me very comfortably settled in a chair, when I was told I'd have to transfer to a stronger one. There were at least fifty curious village folk to witness and laugh at the exhibition, and, while old Ho talked price, men and boys tested my "chairful," and, incidentally, my

disposition and humility. How many times during this trip I have wished there was only half as much of me as there is!

Four bearers were engaged to work in relays, and soon we were off. We made only a few stops in this trip of

several hours, one of them for lunch. The chair I found very comfortable; in fact, so much so, I felt exhilarated as I was borne along over the rice paddy dikes; and low lying hills, the women at work, flowering vines, our own glorious mission gave ample food for meditation. I amused myself, too, singing all the hymns and songs I could recall. I have an idea that the peculiar sounds I made diverted the bearers' minds somewhat from their load.

By the time we reached Wong-tuen, where we were to get a boat, it was raining quite heavily; but we were such a cavalcade that the crowd of natives who usually seek shelter from the showers, stood around and watched us until we disappeared in the barracks, where the Chinese soldiers were most kind.

Old Mr. Ho had sent out a messenger to engage the boat, and, after a half hour, he returned to say that the sailors feared pirates and refused to go. Fr. Ford then engaged some soldiers to protect and accompany us. And, at last, true to Chinese tradition, after another half hour, word was brought that the tide was too low and we'd have to wait till morning.



Everyone asks as we go along, "Where are you going?" "Where did you come from?" "What did you buy?"

IS NOW ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND.

Fortunately the chairs were still on hand, for we had to go back a third of the way to a place called Pingkong, a market village in which our priests have a station. The one-room house, however, has only two whole walls, and we could hardly sleep there; so Father arranged with the Catholic carpenter to take us in, which he was most honored to do. His house is new and very, very clean, and we had two rooms upstairs.

The neighbors, most of them pagan, were kind, and brought us tea, eggs already cooked, and fruit. The village people retain their very polite customs, and the Christians, when they greeted us, genuflected and blessed themselves, while they gave the customary salutation, *Tin che po you* (God bless you).

We slept on Chinese beds, boards placed on horses, with matting to make them soft, and you would be surprised at the difference that bit of straw makes. We have slept on such beds for the last ten nights and they are not too bad.

We were ready to start out about eight the next morning, to retrace our steps to Wong-tsun. And here my pride had a fall, though in the best possible place. Hardly had we started when I felt myself going, and in a second was on the ground. One of the bamboo poles was weak—to blame it on the chair—and had given way. The street was crowded, but, oddly enough, the sympathy was with me, not the bearers, who "lost face" and disappeared. The new chair then brought forward, was strong, and only two coolies bore me all the way.

At the barracks we stopped for about half an hour, and I counted sixty Chinese around my chair; the other were being inspected in the same way. Sister Paul is an expert, and, when she tires of the peering faces and unanswerable questions of the mob, pretends to go to sleep, when she ceases to be interesting. But Agnes and I didn't have courage to settle back, and consequently we were the centers of attraction.

We were in plenty of time for the sailboat, which we reached by a row-

boat in which the bearers had deposited us, having carried us, chair and all, over some hundred feet of mudflats.

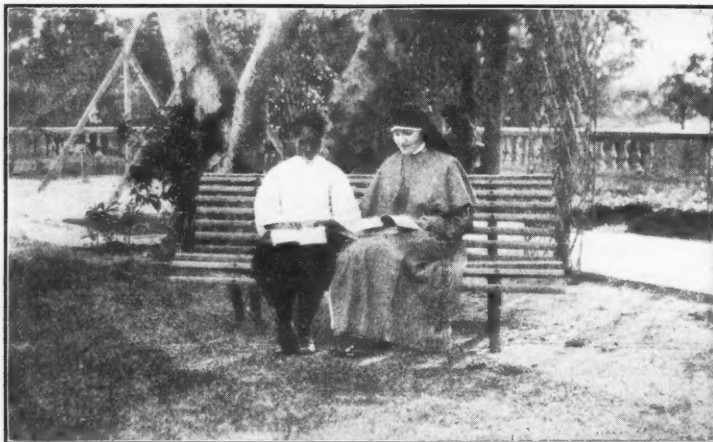
The wind was very strong and in the right direction, and even the rain, which fell heavily on us on the open deck, could not lessen the delight of that two-hour sail on the South China Sea. We were really sorry when we reached Chappo on Hoiling, a most beautiful island, where we have a station and where some day, we shall have, please God, many worth-while things.

We went directly to the catechist's house, where we were received with customary warmth, and settled down for the night only—as we thought. As

The most satisfactory method of sending money to Maryknoll missionaries is through the Maryknoll Treasurer, whose address is Maryknoll, New York.

latter being about the only edible thing, at least for us. Others brought cakes, live chickens, lobsters, crabs, fruit, and sweet potatoes, so that most of our food was provided.

Almost all the houses in Hoiling are two stories high. We had the entire second floor, the front room serving as bedroom, the next as refectory



MISTRESSING THE LANGUAGE.

A new arrival in Hongkong, from Corona, Long Island.

a matter of fact, we were there for seven whole days. Fortunately, Fr. Ford took advantage of our stop to make a regular mission visitation; so we felt we were not taking up too much of his time.

We can never thank Fr. Ford enough for his delicacy, his thoughtfulness, and absolute devotion to the three of us on what must have been a most trying trip for him.

The Christians are few but fervent and generous. One old fellow, minus an eye, brought us gifts daily: dried shrimp on sticks, salted egg yolks, dried duck and sages, and fruit, the

and sitting room. Between this and the chapel, was an open court, and beyond the chapel another court which we called our roof garden, and where we sat all day, reading, chatting, or writing. There were many interruptions from neighbors who walked from their roofs to see the strangers and talk with them, and from others who invaded our sanctuary from below.

We had the privilege of seeing the Christians and catechumens at Mass, and hearing them say evening prayers, of hearing Fr. Ford examine them, and of witnessing the baptism of thirteen souls, five adult men, three boys, two girls, and three women.

These village people are as simple as children and very attractive, and we felt a little pang of regret when we had to leave.

But one day the junk did come, and we sampanned out to it. Such a boat! We had three cabins, one over the other. The lower was taken by Agnes and Sister Paul. They crawled into it on hands and knees, as I did into the one above; Fr. Ford climbed into the upper story. We were directly opposite the stoves, and could see the food being prepared—hens and ducks were killed, plucked, boiled, and eaten within a few feet of us. The decks were filled with crated geese and pigs. Our seats were a box and a couple of bags of grain. And yet we enjoyed the trip, every minute of the smells, cold winds, and all.

We arrived at Pakkai and were delighted to find Bro. John and Fr. Paschang, well on the road to recovery, waiting for their junk. Bro. John is very well and the same story-teller as of old.

Fr. Ford did some shopping and we had bread, the first in ten days, and some kind of tonic and grape juice, to make up for our long fast.

A French missionary, Fr. LeRestif, stopped in this morning to say Mass, but as Fr. Paschang was saying it, he could not wait. Fr. Sweeney had left the Procure; so we missed him, I'm sorry to say.

And now we are en route to Hongkong, where, after eleven days of travel and waiting, we'll prepare to turn homewards, via Korea.

SCHENECTADY—oft repeated, is a word which gives useful exercise to the muscles of the tongue, and perhaps it is for this reason that a certain Maryknoll Sister, a native of Schenectady, now in Yeungkong, is said to have gotten quite a grip on the Chinese language.

This same Sister reports in a recent communication:

Our work is getting along nicely; at least, we think so. The "crèche" (infant asylum) at present has from twenty to twenty-five "thieves of paradise" in it; and at least fifty are always under the Sisters' care.

Sancian, Island to Maryknoll.

THE daily press brought to the notice of many among our readers the good news that the first American Prefecture Apostolic in China has been established by Rome. It will include, among other missions, the far famed Island of Sancian where St. Francis Xavier, unable to reach the coast of China, breathed his last.

We publish for our readers a translation of the gracious letter received from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda:

VERY REVEREND FATHER:

It gives me great pleasure to announce to you, Very Reverend Father, that this Sacred Congregation (of Propaganda) has erected into the Prefecture Apostolic of Kongmoon the territory constituting the civil prefectures of Sai Ning, Loting, Wanfan, Yeungkong, Sunyi, Tinpak, Maoming, San Ning, Tehekkai and Sanwui, including also the Island of Sancian, and that this new mission is entrusted to your Society of Maryknoll.

In the Island of Sancian, as you well know, the great Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier, died, and consequently it is numbered among the most sacred places in Catholic missions. It is the good fortune of your missionary institute to be called to take over the spiritual care of the island above mentioned, and this Sacred Congregation entrusting it to you as something sacred, nourishes the confidence that your Society will know how to appreciate the importance of such a sanctuary.

I am sure, therefore, that you will be much gratified with this act of good will shown you by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and that it will serve to stimulate the Fathers of your Society to dedicate themselves with all zeal to the conversion of China.

The Brief relating to the erection of the Prefecture will be sent to the Apostolic Delegate of China, and you will be able to read it in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* in which it will be published. In a short time we will name the first Prefect Apostolic. In the meanwhile, sending you and all your missionaries my best wishes, and with much esteem, I am, devotedly yours,

✕ William Cardinal Van Rossum,
Prefect of Propaganda

✕ Francis Marchetti-Selvaggiani,
Secretary

Cesare Pecorari, *S. Secretary*

At the catechumenate, we have a class of about twenty-five women. These come to study for two months. After this time they return to their homes for three months, and then come back to us the sixth month, for a period of another four weeks, just before baptism. Most of these people have never

been to school, so that the best way to make practical Catholics out of them is to have them come every day.

The Maryknoll Dozen—are you acquainted with them all? Check up on page 154.

INTERESTING A NEW FRIEND IN THE FIELD AFAR.

From a Big Brother.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with the opening of the Maryknoll Mission in 1918 (and anyone may now read this story in *Maryknoll Mission Letters*), will recall the association of Father, now Bishop Gauthier, with Father Price, of blessed memory, and his young companions.

A recent letter from Bishop Gauthier will hardly spoil Maryknollers and its publication may help the cause. At all events, here it is:

I read *Father Price of Maryknoll* with the greatest interest. I can certify that all that is said of him during his too-brief stay in China is entirely true. I recall very well hearing the Christians repeat on several occasions: "This Father is a saint." (Ni ko shan fu hai shing yan).

I am sure that in heaven he will not forget his dear Chinese, whom he loved so well, and that he will obtain for them the grace of conversions. The effects of his intercession may already be felt at Yeungkong and Kowchow, where the success of your missionaries is encouraging.

During June and July, I visited the districts of Kowchow, Tungchen, and Yeungkong, which are in the hands of your missionaries. The satisfaction I felt in seeing the quantity and the quality of the work they had accomplished during the two years since I left them, was an ample recompense for the weariness of this long and difficult journey at such a season.

I was especially struck by three things in regard to your missionaries:

1. Their zeal, which manifests itself in their ardent study of the language in order that they may be able to preach themselves, and the judicious use of all the means at their disposal to make the Faith known. You have some missionaries who speak admirably the language of the district where they are located.

2. Their fraternal charity towards one another. This charity is imbued with a genuine gaiety which seems to say, "Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum." This is a most important point, for charity on the missions is like a panacea which cures all wounds, both physical and moral.

3. Their attachment to Maryknoll. They all speak of it lovingly and their

In the Far East, as elsewhere, a catechist can accomplish much even without the missionary, but the mission can do little without the catechist.

Recorded in the archives of Maryknoll are the names of its **FOUNDERS** — all individuals, dioceses, or organizations, that have given at least five thousand dollars to sustain and develop the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Listed as **SPECIAL BENEFACTORS** are those who, for the same purpose, have subscribed one thousand dollars.

greatest desire is for its development.

All these good sentiments are a source of strength for the Maryknoll Society, and I hope that they may develop more and more strongly in the hearts of its children as these increase in numbers.

At Yeungkong I was all the more touched and edified by the salutary work the Sisters had accomplished in so short a time, because I myself had almost always failed in my efforts towards the conversion of the sex the Church calls devout—"Pro devoto femineo sexu." Unfortunately one of the Sisters has already died at her post. But others will come to replace her and God's work will be accomplished.

I am glad to know that the Mission of Canton has transferred the districts of Sunning and of Sunwui (Sun-hu) to Maryknoll. It is the realization of my most ardent wish. Now there is nothing to keep you from going ahead. Everything points to Kongmoon as the future center of your missions in South China. I hope that Fr. James E. Walsh will return soon.

I recommend myself to your prayers and to those of your communities. Please accept the assurance of my sincere affection and devotion.

† A. GAUTHIER,
Vicar Apostolic.

The Rev. Fr. A. Gasperment, S. J., missionary in China, after obtaining, with the consent of his superiors, the approval of the Pope, the support of the Delegate Apostolic and several bishops, has been working for some years, not only in China, but also in Europe and other parts of the world, to form a league, a kind of Crusade, in favor of the 400 millions of Chinese pagans who still neither know nor worship Our Blessed Lord. It is a sort of mobilization of spiritual forces

They Go in September.

They go—over the seas for Christ and souls. We stay in the homeland, and many of us wonder at their courage and faith. God's grace is all-sufficient and we need not wonder, but God works through human interests and we must back them.

At least twelve, perhaps fifteen, Maryknollers will be dispatched to Eastern Asia this coming fall, and for each must be found five hundred dollars to meet the expense of preparation and passage. We have no fund on which to draw for this expense, and no assurance from any kind of organization that even one missionary's passage will be supplied. But God is good. Last year, thanks to the cooperation of friends, enough was secured to provide for all but two, and these, in their generosity of heart, applied to their passage money, gifts from their families and personal friends.

But surely, when parents give up their sons and daughters to the service of the Church in foreign lands, others, though strangers, can be found to put them on their field of action. And there are such, if we can find them.

(prayers, good works, Holy Communion, and visits to the Holy Eucharist) to invoke the blessings of God on the poor Chinese, on the missionaries and their enterprises, and to excite new vocations—to hasten, in one word, the coming of God's kingdom in this immense country.

The "conditions proposed for the Crusade" as published by the founder on June 29, 1921, are to

Recite three times a day the invocation: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come in China."

More Maryknoll mission stations mean more catechists, and parishes or Sunday schools or school or parish sodalities can "do a fine turn" by backing our men in the field.

MISSIONARY KITS ARE NEEDED FOR OUTGOING MISSIONERS.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE
MOTHER AND SON.

One dollar for your paper is not enough.—*Seattle, Wash.*

We want our cheery friend and would be lonesome without it.—*Maine.*

THE FIELD AFAR is worth \$3 a year; so I will send \$1 now and \$2 later.—*Michigan.*

THE FIELD AFAR is a most interesting magazine for both young and old.—*Massachusetts.*

Nothing surpasses Fr. Chin's inimitable paper, *The Maryknoll Junior*.—*Paris, France.*

Am very much interested in THE FIELD AFAR, and try also to interest others.—*Ohio.*

We receive a number of missionary magazines but none brighter than THE FIELD AFAR.—*Maryland.*

We are earnest readers of *The Maryknoll Junior* and are always anxious for the next issue.—*Ohio.*

THE FIELD AFAR is the leading mission magazine among the students at the seminary.—*Minnesota.*

It would be a terrible catastrophe if I missed even one copy of the incomparable FIELD AFAR.—*New Jersey.*

The most interesting and instructive magazine reaching my home; worth the money and the time to read.—*Missouri.*

I don't know how you give such good paper and printing for the money. If things go well with me, I shall try soon to send an offering.—*New York.*

I have received my first copy of THE FIELD AFAR and find it a very interesting magazine. I am enclosing a money order for \$2—\$1 for my subscription; the other is stringless.—*New Jersey.*

We are anxious that the members of the student body have at their disposal current Catholic publications, and we esteem THE FIELD AFAR one of the best and most beneficial for Catholic students.—*Kansas.*

Enclosed find \$2, which represents the difference between the \$1 which you charge for a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, and the \$3 which I am willing to pay for the same—a "nifty" magazine. Long may it flourish.—*Texas.*

Father Meyer Has New Fields to Conquer.



A VILLAGE IN MARYKNOLL'S NEW MISSION.
Five hundred Catholics are here. Relatives of some have worked in the United States.

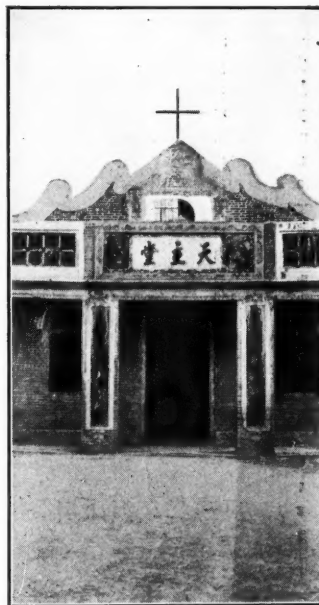
FR. BERNARD MEYER, who went to China in 1918, has built up two missions and is now hard at work in the new Maryknoll district, with his center at a place called Toi Shan, on the South China seacoast. His Catholic people will help Fr. Meyer in his effort to bring many pagans into the fold, and will back him with their alms, but just now he needs a clean, clear two thousand dollar lift. Fr. Meyer's home was in Iowa. Perhaps you, too, are from Iowa. In any event, can we not give Fr. Meyer a push in this new venture for souls? As with Frs. Walsh and Ford, he has entered into his sixth year as a missionary. Fr. Meyer remarked his anniversary just after he took over the new mission of Hoingan, of which he writes:

It is not an unusual thing here to be greeted in English—in fact, several of our Catholics had returned from America before joining the Church—but I was rather surprised to receive a visit, one evening, from a young fellow who greeted me in French, though it was some time before I realized what language he was trying to use. He went over to France during the war as a railway and munition worker; now he would be most happy to do my cooking. He was particularly enthusiastic about the welfare work of the Y. M. C. A.

In the center of Hoingan is a hill some hundred feet high, on which is being built a watchtower to carry an acetylene searchlight against brigands. I went up to see it today and while there noticed that the hills of Sancian Island, twenty miles away, are visible.

Below Sancian is another island having about the same area, which belongs to Hoingan township and the Hoingan mission, though Sancian itself does not.

Infanticide is said to be extremely common in this region, and well it might be when so large a proportion of the women must add their mite to the household fund by acting as coolies or carrying wood as far as five miles, to burn at home or to sell. What is to be done with a baby, particularly a girl, who will not add to the numerical strength of the family, but will become a member of the family into which



THE VILLAGE CHAPEL.
"The front is shaky and the cross hardly secure," Fr. Meyer writes.

HAVE YOU A MISSIONARY KIT IDLE AND LIABLE TO BE SO?

she marries—not to speak of the coolie women who work all day. Simply gathering the fuel for the household requires the better part of a half day and a long walk with eighty or a hundred pounds suspended from the bamboo pole over one's shoulder. Is it any wonder that few families have more than four or five children, given the fact that they are pagans whose morality is largely that of expediency? I believe that China would present a horrible example of race suicide if it were not for the fact that the Chinaman's desire to have sons dominates everything else in his life, even at times bringing him, if he be a Christian, to trample his faith under foot.

Hoingan is unique among our missions in the size of its groups of Catholics, due largely to the fact that the villages here are very much larger than in such missions as Yeungkong, Kowchow, or Tungchen. The village of Taan On, for instance, has more than five hundred; another, two hundred; and three have a hundred or more, though not all the latter Chinese are baptized. This circumstance makes comparatively easy a more or less ideal method of mission work—namely, to have a man and woman catechist at each station for part of the year at least; and, if the number is insufficient, one may care for several stations in rotation, while the missionary, during the course of the year, makes visits to each place to instruct and administer the sacraments. At least one of these visits is lengthened into a "Mission" similar to those given in parishes at home.

In view of the fact that so many of the Chinese in America are from the Sunning and Sunwui districts, the work being done by Fr. Bradley in San Francisco, and elsewhere by others, should react favorably over here. I have already written to Fr. Bradley, as I am sure he must have a number from this part of Sunning in his congregations. Through them I might be able to gain an entrance to their village which would otherwise be denied. Further, if I know where they live and am informed of their return to this country, I can follow them up. One Catholic here has a brother, a

Did you get that Spring Appeal? It called for a stringless souvenir—a gift to be applied to some one of Maryknoll's living needs. And we made the appeal in full confidence that our esteemed subscribers, realizing the low price and high value of *The Field Afar*, would be glad to express the substantial interest of friends.

pagan, in San Luis Obispo, California. Fr. Sweeney has one Catholic village of which several members are in America, though still pagan because they had already gone before the village embraced the faith. In Macao I met a neophyte from the same region whose father is at present in America, and the other day I baptized an old fellow of seventy who had just returned from the States last year.

It is curious to note how people from the same section in China have gone, for the most part, to the same part of the world. The business men of Singapore and the Straits, for example, are said to hail mostly from the north and east of the province, while the Kowchow and Sunyi region has furnished many common laborers to the same English colony. Sunning and Sunwui men, on the other hand, have almost all gone to the United States, or, in recent years, to Canada, Mexico, or Cuba, often with the hope of being smuggled into the States. For \$2,500 gold you may be guaranteed your passage from here, and safe arrival in the United States, alien laws to the contrary notwithstanding; and the temptation to chance it is great. That amount represents a competence here, but, once in the United States, they pay it back in three years; and in ten more, if all goes well, are in easy circumstances. Not all are so fortunate, however, and in case of trouble it is the immigrant, ignorant alike of language and geography, who suffers. Only today I was told of a case of smuggling from Cuba, in which the miscreants, to avoid being caught

"with the goods," scuttled the boat containing a number of Chinese, themselves escaping in a small power launch.

A well informed young Chinaman who has lived nearly all his life in America (was born there in fact), told me that the Chinese are rapidly disappearing there. According to him the Chinese population of Los Angeles has dwindled, in less than twenty years, from ten to three thousand. Some die, many return to China, and the exclusion laws keep out the type that usually emigrates.

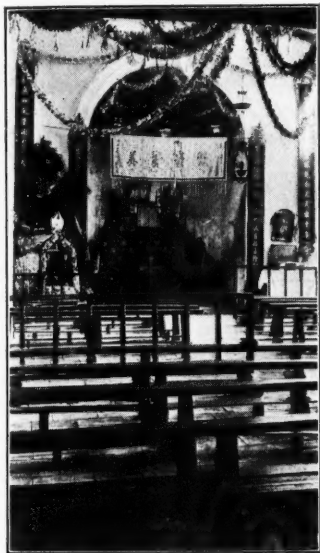
Philadelphia on China's Coast.

FR. Meyer's new curate, Fr. O'Melia, gives us, in a letter to the Maryknoll Superior, an introduction to the place. With Frs. Meyer and O'Melia and a few friends in the home land, we hope soon to see the *ng* taken out of Hoingan. Fr. O'Melia writes:

Hoingan at last! We landed here shortly after noon, making the trip from Hongkong in a day plus—after waiting months before making the "dash." When the boats are running, this is the easiest mission to reach, I believe. It took only four hours to get to Macao from Hongkong, and on a real steamer. As soon as we reached Macao, we discovered a sampan about twice the size of a rowboat, and thirty people, including Frs. Ford, Gleason, and myself, all with baggage, got into the thing. We had lots of room! Nobody rocked the boat, for no one dared. After an hour or two we reached a

In the Maryknoll Brotherhood of St. Michael, there is place for varied occupations. We will need teachers, nurses, clerical assistants, contractors, draftsmen, skilled and unskilled workers, not to mention doctors, dentists, and cooks—all working together for the common cause of world evangelization.

NEXT MONTH WILL RECORD OUR THIRTEENTH FOUNDATION DAY.



THE CHAPEL AT HOINGAN.

Note an extra communion rail across the center. It is for the women, all of whom keep in the background.

small steamer anchored in the harbor, and, at sundown, we got under way again. We had to go without Mass Sunday, though we were four priests (Fr. Meyer had gone ahead of us with the baggage). We anchored off Hoingan towards noon, and about two hours later, via the sampan and shank's mare express, we reached the mission.

There was a small delegation waiting to greet us when we arrived. One does not need to know the language to read the kindly smiles and friendly bows.

Hoingan is a small place, population about eight thousand, right on the coast. I'm not sure whether it claims to be a seaport or a country town. I think it is both. We live in a small plain about fifteen miles long and five or six wide. It is rather level and was once under water, but has been reclaimed. A small stream crawls down from the mountains, passes along the edge of the town, and seems to be spread all over the place before reaching the sea. On all sides, except that of the ocean, we are hemmed in by broken ranges of mountains. Through a notch between two of the mountains,

we can see, on a clear day, the top of Sancian Island, and we feel near to St. Francis Xavier, who died on its shore.

To one with our ideas of China, the mission was quite a surprise. There is a chapel built of brick, and large enough for slightly over a hundred people. It had decorations from Christmas, when we arrived, and seemed to retain some of the festive spirit. The "altar rail," running across the middle of the chapel, struck me as strange, at first. It is the dividing line between the men and the women, and, though it isn't an altar rail, it is a communion rail for the women. The men take the front half of the chapel, and the women, what is left.

Our living quarters are respectable enough, too. Fr. Meyer generously installed me in the best room and took a less pleasant one for himself. The one I occupy opens on the "gallery" of the chapel.

Altogether I think there are about a hundred Catholics in the town, and, this morning, about forty were at Mass. Greetings to all at the Knoll.

Father Lane and Old Friends.

"WHEN good fellows get together" is quite properly exemplified by the reunion of Maryknollers arriving in China, with some of the old guard.

Fr. Lane, who left this country

FOR YOUR WILL.

Give our title to your lawyer. It is: CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

last fall, entered Maryknoll in 1913, so that he has known all the alumni. We can, therefore, appreciate the spirit in which he writes of his arrival:

On Wednesday, the nineteenth, we arrived at Hongkong at six in the morning, but we did not dock. At about seven we tied up to a buoy opposite the Kowloon ferry landing, and waited for a sight of familiar faces of friends whom we had not seen in some time.

We received a message from the shore to possess our souls in patience, as the Maryknoll contingent would soon arrive. Fr. G. took his position at one landing and I at the other. Soon I heard a familiar voice, that of Fr. Ford. Perhaps it was not a pleasant surprise! Away down in a small sampan—it seemed a tremendous distance below us—we saw the casks. In a moment, headed by the portly Captain O'Shea, who jumped in as sprightly a manner as of old, from boat to boat, just as in the days of the good ship "May Queen," came the line—Frs. Ford and O'Melia, Bros. Michael and Albert.

Fr. Gleason said Mass at the Procure and I at the convent, after which we had a chance to meet many of the Sisters, and, later, Fr. McShane, who was in Hongkong buying materials for the new convent at Loting. All in all, it was a fine ending for the trip.



THE KIND OF BOAT COMMONLY USED TO GET TO SANCIAN ISLAND.

THE FIELD AFAR IS SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD; MARYKNOLL THIRTEEN.

Random Items.

THE Bulletin of St. Stephen's Church, Framingham, Mass., prints an Honor Roll of those in the parish who have recently answered religious vocations.

At the suggestion of the Rt. Rev. William F. Stadelman, its national director, The International Council of the Holy Childhood Association issued a grant of \$1,650, last year, for the upkeep of Catholic Indian schools in this country.

Mr. P. H. O'Donnell, a well known lawyer in Chicago, called, recently, at our Preparatory College. Mr. O'Donnell who is often called upon to act as attorney for the Chinese and Koreans remarked, on this occasion, that he had endorsed checks amounting to half a million dollars, all told, for Chinese clients and had never yet suffered a loss.

A priest interested in fostering vocations, organized in his Sunday School, some years ago, a society known as the Blessed Sacrament Reading Circle, which meets once a week with the two-fold object of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the cultivation of the good reading habit. The Circle has been instrumental in securing no fewer than twelve vocations.

The *Calendrier-Annuaire*, for 1924, containing the ecclesiastical calendar, signs of the zodiac, Chinese feasts, and also all kinds of useful information bearing on eclipses, astronomy, and climate has arrived from Shanghai.

The *Catholic Directory for India* has come from Archbishop Aelen, of Madras. We gratefully acknowledge both of these useful publications.

A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY means annual or semi-annual interest of at least five per cent paid regularly to you in consideration of your gift to Maryknoll. Send for further information if desired.

A clerical friend has sent us a sample double envelope from St. Peter's Church, San Francisco, where Dr. Yorke is pastor. The envelope is stitched in the center, leaving two compartments: one for the support of the parish (noted as a strict obligation imposed by the fifth precept of the Church); the other, printed in red ink, for the Chinese missions (referred to as a freewill offering). Every envelope is numbered and dated, one being used each Sunday. Maryknoll is assured of a share in the offerings—and Maryknoll appreciates the thoughtfulness of its friend.

The Catholic Young Men's Association of Japan, also the Catholic Library Committee of the Waseda University (a non-Catholic institution) are both anxious to receive from America Catholic reviews—monthly magazines and weeklies. They need, too, some reference books. Our correspondent in Tokyo writes:

In the general library, they have just opened a corner for studies on religion. If we Catholics do not move, the place will be filled up with Protestant histories, etc. Many excellent books on religion are embarrassing private libraries in America and are of no further use to them.

Address: Rev. M. Steicher,
Fubabagokko,
Yotsugua, Mitsuki,
Tokyo, Japan

"Only a Subscriber" writes with a pencil on pink paper and asks a few questions about Maryknoll Sisters. She should have written directly to the Superioress at Maryknoll and given her name and address, but we will do our best to answer her questions:

1. Is seventeen years too old for a girl to think of becoming a Sister?—By no means.
2. Do all Maryknoll Sisters go to China?—No.
3. Is a Sister's life a hard life?—It might be and then again it might not be, but the girl who has the right idea must be ready for the hard life.

Now, Miss "Only a Subscriber," we have no more space.

The Late Bishop of Hongkong.



RT. REV. DOMINIC POZZONI, D.D.
Of the Milan Foreign Missions.

MARYKNOLL in Hongkong has lost a much loved father, the gentle and apostolic Bishop Pozzoni, who died at the French Hospital in that city February 20.

Bishop Pozzoni had spent thirty-nine years in China, leaving the country of his adoption only once in that long period, and then to attend a conference of the Superiors of his Society in Milan.

To his priests and people, all Maryknollers offer sympathy and the assurance of prayers for the soul of this apostolic prelate. We are pleased to learn that a Maryknoller was with Bishop Pozzoni when he died.

If you wish all these other questions answered, you must write to the Lady herself.

Readers who wish to give spiritual aid to the work of the apostolate will do well to note the following prayer prepared for the Crusade organized in China:

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, we beseech Thee that Thou mayest no longer delay the banishment of the demon and his evil spirits from China; have pity on the multitudes of pagans and grant that they may soon enter into Thy Holy Church. Amen.

GRADUATES! HAVE YOU LOOKED FORWARD TO SEPTEMBER?

Father Ford Notes Progress.

WHILE the Mission Superior is passing the well-worn hat around the splendidly responsive archdiocese of Boston, to provide the first American Mission Center in China, Fr. Ford has been replacing him and trying to do more than one "man's work"; and that is why we have not heard much recently from the pastor at Yeung-kong, who now writes:

I've been bottled up so much lately in the daily affairs of the mission that it is refreshing to be able to uncork my inkwell and spout. It is a pity you have not seen our little mission at Yeungkong, and watched it grow in wisdom and grace and age; then you would excuse my bubbling over with thanks to God and our benefactors.

I won't tire you with our first years here—our daily Mass with three men and one woman for a congregation. I'll simply take some of the results of the past year.

You know we asked our friends to pray particularly for the conversion of Yeungkong City. Certainly, I must confess I did not expect such a hearty response. Schools and Convents and Crusaders and Circles wrote to me, not of what they promised, but of what they had actually done in prayers for us. It made Yeungkong the altar of a huge temple, world-wide in size; and the mighty volume of incense must have pleased God much, for He answered immediately with graces.

First of all, He gave us the Sisters in their new convent, and their presence soon reformed our orphanage and nursery and grandmothers' home into thriving institutions. We had the happiness of baptizing over three hundred fifty dying babies in our nursery, each of them a pure-white, spotless soul to offer with our daily Mass. In the dispensary, the Sisters were visited by over seven thousand patients; the orphanage sheltered about thirty blind and lame girls; and ten homeless boys found a refuge with us. Over one hundred of our pagan neighbors were baptized and several score others came under instruction.

Our boys' school jumped from sixty

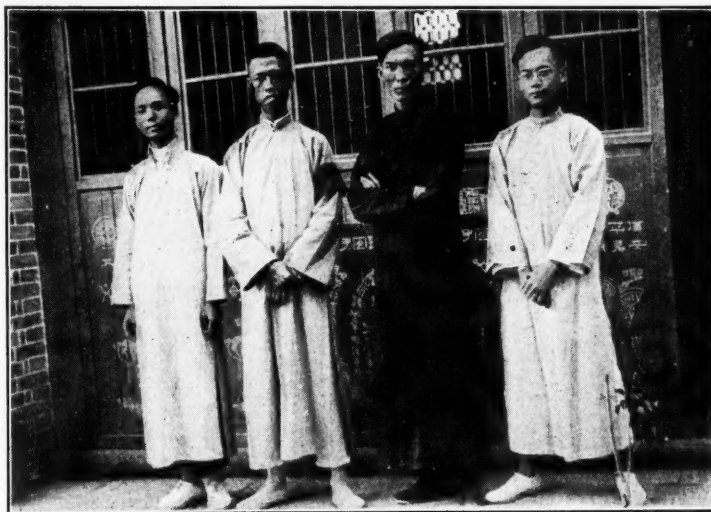
to one hundred, and is limited simply by the accommodations; our girls' school, in its first few months of existence, now registers forty pupils; and, perhaps best of all, our Holy Communions numbered over twelve thousand, and six boys manifested budding vocations to the priesthood.

This is God's first answer to the prayers of our friends, and it makes the year ahead of us mighty encouraging—so much so that we are going to show our trust in Providence by building adequate quarters for our increased congregation.

there are used for instruction; while our chapel, built originally for a tiny congregation, is crowded at the daily Mass. We have as many as a hundred Communions at week day Masses and the confusion due to lack of space is embarrassing.

It is a healthy growth for a baby mission, but we are in the same predicament as the boy who has outgrown short trousers. We must, then, build—but what a program for a young mission!

We shall need the continued and increased prayers of all our friends, and I ask you to tell them so, please, as the



SOME YEUNGKONGERS.

The youth at your right is looking for a chance to be educated in America. He will find his passage money if some Catholic college will open its doors to him.

It is difficult to know where to begin. We enlarged the boys' school, but are still so cramped that we have had to share our own rooms in the priests' house with the boys. The girls' school is in a rented building beyond repair; the convent houses many of the classes in doctrine; isolated rooms here and

work, though evidently urgent, is almost alarming in its size, and the conversions will follow so rapidly on the heels of improvements as to startle even an optimist. I defy anyone to be pessimistic of China, backed by a legion of prayers from home.

At \$500 each, seventy-two Student Rooms have been taken as Memorials in the new Maryknoll Seminary. This is gratifying and we are thankful. Perhaps we shall yet find patrons for the larger rooms, a list of which can be found on page 129.

So far none has been taken.

WILL YOU OFFER

YOURSELF

FOR

CHRIST

AND

SOULS?

THE FIELD AFAR

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
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(except August).

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J. A. WALSH, TR., Maryknoll, N. Y.

Single subscription,\$1.00 a year
(ten or more copies to one address,
at the rate of eighty cents a year).

Six years' subscription.....\$5.00
Subscription for life.....\$50.00
(Membership in the Society is included
with all subscriptions.)

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ONE of the new American Cardinals is so close to Maryknoll as to be the Honorary President of its Civil Corporation, but we rejoice in the elevation of both. Ad Multos Annos!

THERE is no unit of Catholic organization that would not be benefited by developing an interest in one or more mission activities, home or foreign, of the great evangelizing Church of Christ. A test can easily be made and the results to all concerned will be gratifying.

MISSIOLOGY they are calling it rather than Missionology. The word refers to the science of missions, which is being developed in some of the European Catholic Universities. It certainly looks as if the twentieth century will mark a great advance in the awakening of Catholics to world-wide evangelization. *Laus Deo.*

Pentecost approaches, and we ask religious and other friends, whose devotions are unstinted, to give thought to Maryknoll in the novena that prepares for the great solemnity, that emphasizes so finely the catholicity of the Church of Christ.

ORIENTALS appreciate an education and will make every sacrifice to obtain one. Once buildings are erected, there should be little or no difficulty about their upkeep. This will be taken care of by the students themselves.

Even now, in many "parochial schools" of China, a small charge is willingly met by the parents, poor as most of them are.

THANKS to the kind cooperation of several college rectors, Maryknoll is at present directing fourteen Asiatic students in America.

This is an important work, a new page in the history of our Catholic educational life as also in the development of missions; and we shall be deeply disappointed if, within a few years, strong proof cannot be given of its value.

AN American archbishop was visited lately in Rome by a young Chinese who, while in Europe, has been converted to the Catholic faith. This Chinese is a student of journalism and anxious to come to America. His funds are limited, however, and he foresees that, after the expenses of travel, he will have difficulty to make ends meet.

He would gladly borrow and, would certainly return the loan if his health should last, but he realizes that this is asking much of strangers. He would work his way and can find this opportunity, but he wishes a Catholic atmosphere.

IN his sermon on Mary Magdalen and her act of homage, in bathing the feet of our Savior and drying them with her hair, Saint

Augustine draws a beautiful parallel. "*The feet of the Lord,*" he says, "*are the preachers of the Gospel; and the woman's hair, superfluous possessions.*"

Truly the missionaries of this age, as of Saint Augustine's, bear Christ and His salvation through the far bypaths of the world; and weariness and pain and long marching in rough and brambled ways, do not turn them from their task. They are the feet of the Lord, on which He walks to His kingdom in the hearts of men, and in their needs we are permitted to minister to them with that which we can spare.

WE note that the writing habit bids fair to clutch our seminaries as well as our colleges, and this is certainly to be encouraged. It is said that every French priest is ambitious to write a book, and not a few among them seem to have gratified the ambition.

And the lament has often been heard that American priests do not write for publication. This fact may be explained by the nature of their occupations, but fine opportunities have been lost and strong minds have passed, leaving to posterity no hold on veritable treasures of knowledge and experience.

Printed publications of modest proportions in our seminaries will start some of our future priests along useful paths helpful to others as to themselves.

ONE does not have to cross the Pacific to find remoteness and an abundance of physical hardships. When in Seattle, not long ago, we met, at the Providence Hospital, a much spent priest, Fr. Jetta, of the Society of Jesus. Fr. Jetta is a missionary in Alaska and about sixty years old.

While on his mission, two hundred-fifty miles away from the nearest hospital (at Fairbanks), Fr. Jetta developed a serious trouble that required an operation. There was nothing to do but to set out on dog sleds for a trip

ONE SUBSCRIBER FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER

over that two hundred-fifty mile course. A trying journey for a well man. What must it have been for a sufferer? Fr. Jetta reached Fairbanks, was operated upon, and later made the next long lap to Seattle—for a second operation. The surgeons had little hope of the missionary's recovery and now Fr. Jetta expects soon to return to Alaska where he has labored for twenty years. These are the rugged apostles of Christ who keep high our ideals.

ST. PAUL, Apostle of the Gentiles, is credited with the ability and disposition, had he lived in our day, to make use of all modern appliances in the furtherance of the apostolate.

Had he taken up the Mite Box idea, the Apostle's words, written to the people of Corinth, could certainly have been printed on its side:

On the first day of the week let every one of you put apart with himself, laying up what it shall well please him; that when I come, the collections be not then to be made.—I Corinthians, XVI, 2.

IN 1904 a young Sister, Maria Assunta, left Italy, as a Franciscan Missionary of Mary, for China, to replace one of her Sisters who had fallen under the sword of the Boxers. A year later Sister Assunta died of typhus.

And now they are saying that this little Italian Sister was a saint; that eight years after her death, her body was found uncorrupted; and that many favors are being obtained through her intercession.

Why do they think she was a saint? Because those who knew her found in her a marked abandonment to God's will, humility, innocence, simplicity, obedience, and the love of God. It is good to record such an item in these days, and we are under the impression that the twentieth century will produce many more like Sister Maria Assunta.



And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself.—John, XII, 32.

EVERY Catholic has felt a divine attraction at some time in his life. The infinite vista of the Redemption has opened out alike above the Consecrated Bread of the catacombs and the White Host of our own day.

How, then, can we look on a Consecrated Host and remain indifferent to the lot of Protestants and pagans? Do we give as the reason of our inaction sophisms such as: "They will be happy if they live according to the light granted them"? Then we are tepid, for we know in our hearts that nothing can ever compensate for ignorance of the Blessed Sacrament. A Catholic who has no thought of the salvation of others is the saddest failure in the world. He has missed his sublime vocation, which is to share in the redeeming Passion of his Lord.

ON the question of money for the missions, it is well to remind ourselves and those readers who contribute to the cause, that our purpose is to help our Asiatic friends to help themselves.

Should peace come to China, it would not take long for the Church in that great land to be self-supporting; and it is a mistake to look upon it even now as absolutely dependent. Chinese priests—of whom there are over one thousand—are supported by their own people, who also have built chapels and provided schools.

We are at the opportune hour, which happens to come while the

governments are upset, and we Americans alone, of all people, are just now better equipped than others to initiate enterprise.

The Catholic Church in the Far East has big things to do, and big investments of money and human energy to make, but it will all come back one of these days. Our brethren in the Orient are not beggars.

For the moment we are the beggars, asking for an opening to their minds and hearts, that the King of Glory may enter in.

A CRUSADE for vocations, beginning with the first Sunday in May and continuing throughout the week, has been promoted by the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada.

Vocations are needed for all phases of Catholic activity at home and on the mission fields, and there are fine souls aplenty which, doubtless, at this moment possess the virtue, capability, and supernatural desire required for God's service.

There is, too, a legion of souls around us and in distant lands that could be brought to a true knowledge of Christ, with a largely increased body of teachers and apostolic workers. Of such souls, and he walked among them, St. Paul wrote to the Romans:

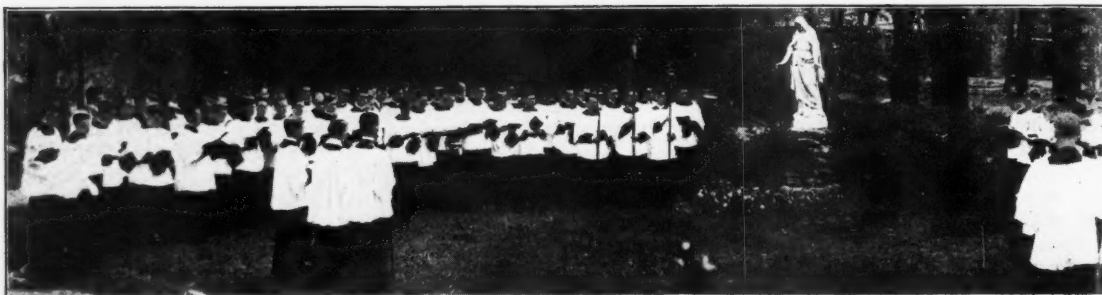
Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

How then shall they call on Him, in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him, of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach unless they be sent, as it is written: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things!"—Romans X, 13—15.

High school youths whose hearts are aglow with a faith that they would spread afar, should write to Maryknoll, addressing the V. Rev. Superior.

Clippings from Our Corporation Report.



Chanting the Magnificat at the close of a Field Blessing.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, a Corporation existing under the Laws of New York State, has closed its fiscal year and presented its twelfth annual report. On that occasion, there were present, besides the representatives from Maryknoll, His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, Bishop Dunn, Judge Dowling, Judge Talley, and Mr. Michael Maginnis. The report was received with much interest and His Grace expressed in kindly words the confidence of the Corporation in the conduct of this enterprise for souls.

While carrying a heavy burden of debt and continuing a necessary building program that calls for great outlays, the Society has been proved financially sound.

Our readers, those especially who back us with something more than the yearly subscription, will certainly be interested to get a glimpse of the year's accomplishment. For them especially, we quote what follows:

The New Seminary.

The coming June will mark four years since the first sod was turned for the new Maryknoll Seminary. We have planned for one large building, somewhat in the form of an H, which we are constructing gradually in five sections. Last year's report announced that Section I had been permanently roofed, and that all rooms, though rough, were habitable.

Since then the hallways, classrooms, faculty and guest rooms of Section I have been plastered, the main corridor tiled, the upper corridors and all rooms prepared with smooth cement floors for

linoleum, and temporary toilets and baths made permanent.

The wood-trim (doors, window frames, etc.) in this section is still rough, but will be replaced this year.

Section II, reported last year as being made serviceable up to the first floor, has been heated and has provided us with offices, recreation rooms, including that for the faculty, store-rooms, an industrial room, and an extra classroom.

A large portion of this section has been carried up to and beyond the second story, while the tower has been pushed to the level of the water tank for which it has been designed.

Section III has not gone beyond the first floor ceiling-level, but will soon be available for a permanent recreation hall, with lockers, showers, and toilets adjoining.

Flagstone has been laid in the upper and lower cloisters, which provide two excellent walks, one covered.

A dynamo, mentioned in last year's report, as projected, has been installed and is giving satisfaction, supplying us with heat and power.

The wall of the cemetery and the vault, also the grading, have been substantially completed, although not yet in a finished condition.

Roads and paths have been improved in several sections of the property, more rough grading has been done, and trees transplanted from the woods.

New York Procure.

The house at 57th Street has continued as our Maryknoll New York City headquarters. It has proved most useful for our priests going into the metropolis or passing through; it has accommodated other missionaries who were without friends; it has served Maryknoll students requiring special medical examination and treatment; in

the summer months, it has housed some of our students who were in the city for hospital experience; it has also remained the center of the Maryknoll Medical Mission activities; and finally, it has provided an opportunity for the oriental students to make in New York City, important studies, which will eventually react upon Maryknoll mission work.

The Preparatory College.

This is under our Pennsylvania Corporation and is training about 85 youths for the priesthood. No additions to the building were made last year, but we hope to extend the foundation this year, if possible.

San Francisco.

As reported last year, we secured a very desirable house for a Procure at the corner of Fillmore and Vallejo Streets. Through the efforts of one of our priests, with priests and people of the San Francisco Archdiocese co-operating, the house was recently cleared of debt.

Los Angeles.

Property occupied by Maryknoll at Los Angeles includes two houses and a new school building. The Japanese in Los Angeles are now sustaining the school (for which they themselves paid substantially), also the kindergarten. The school has 180 pupils and the kindergarten 60.

Seattle.

Last year we referred to the need of a Procure in Seattle. One was purchased in November. It is a substantial frame house, furnished, and located nearly opposite the convent.

Hongkong and Kowloon.

Permission was asked and secured from the Corporation last year for the purchase, in Kowloon, of a Procure; also to secure another house in trust for our Sisters, until their own corporation could take it over.

HE WHO LOVES JESUS CHRIST WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

The purchases were effected, but final papers are yet pending. In the meantime, we have paid, on the Procure, the full price, as interest rates are very high in the Far East.

Mission Properties.

With these our corporation is concerned only indirectly.

In China—A convent has been finished and occupied at Yeungkong, and another is being prepared at Loting. The yamen of a mandarin has been purchased at Kochow, while at nearly every mission station, repairs and extensions have been made.

In Korea—where we now have three priests and one Brother, it is imperative to buy property, and Fr. Byrne is even now trying to negotiate the purchase of some land.

Personnel.

The personnel of Maryknoll today is:

<i>In the United States</i>	<i>In Eastern Asia</i>
Priests 23	Priests 20
Students 174	Brothers 4
Brothers 33	Sisters 18
Sisters 157	
Total enrolled	429

Catholic University.

We have kept seven students (4 priests and 3 deacons) at the University this past year. They room and board at the Apostolic Mission House, in a section quite by themselves, but for many reasons we should have a separate house.

Publication Department.

The Publication Department includes

the issue of two magazines, *THE FIELD AFAR* and *The Maryknoll Junior*; also books, prints, etc. *THE FIELD AFAR* has been holding its circulation of 135,000. *The Maryknoll Junior* has a circulation of 15,000.

THE FIELD AFAR has carried a fair amount of travel and educational advertising, to which has been added some commercial advertising. We steer clear of questionable insertions.

Two new books have been produced this past year:

Father Price of Maryknoll, which we have published ourselves; edition 5,000. *Maryknoll Mission Letters*, published by The Macmillan Company; edition 5,000.

There were sold 8,239 books during the year, as against 4,500 last year.



A DAILY PRELUDE TO THE STUDENTS' MANUAL LABOR HOUR AT MARYKNOLL.

BE A PROPAGANDIST IN THE GREATEST OF ALL CAUSES.

Propaganda.

Our propaganda is practically confined to the following methods:

- (a) Maryknoll priests speaking in the churches.
- (b) Maryknoll students securing the cooperation of pastors.
- (c) Appeals from Maryknoll through the mail.

The priests' propaganda is naturally the most effective, and, during the year, our priests spoke in 250 churches, distributed as follows:

	Churches
Diocese of Pittsburgh	76
" Newark	35
" Albany	26
" Brooklyn	21
Archdiocese of Boston	20
Diocese of Fall River	17
Archdiocese of San Francisco	15
Diocese of Syracuse	11
" Springfield	8
" Cleveland	5
" Scranton	5
" Los Angeles	3
" Rochester	3
" Buffalo	2
Archdiocese of New York	1
Diocese of Trenton	1
" Erie	1

Maryknoll students (who represent 30 dioceses) again took advantage of their month's vacation to get subscriptions or renewals in 56 parishes.

Appeals through the mail were confined almost entirely to our own subscribers, many of whom begin to realize that to help push this work, more than a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR is necessary.

FROM THE TREASURER'S REPORT.

Totals.

Maryknoll is now working on a fairly large scale as will be recognized by the total enrollment of 429, and by the combined circulation (150,000) of its two papers. The total receipts did not reach as high as the expenses, but they went over a half million dollars.

Main Items.

A little more than 25 per cent of these receipts are from the publication of our periodicals and books; something over 20 per cent are Annuities and Bursar additions; 12 per cent represents offerings for our several works, other than at the center; about 40 per cent has been placed at our full disposal for the Seminary, buildings and upkeep, and for the common needs of the Society.

The revenue has come from:

- (a) Bishops, personally or through diocesan cooperation.
- (b) Priests, personally or through their parish organizations.



ON THE TERRACE.

Bishop McDevitt of Harrisburg.

- c) Sisters, through schools or otherwise.
- (d) The laity generally, including Circles and students.
- (e) From the International Society for the Propagation of the Faith, in the form of an allotment.

Bishops and Diocesan Cooperation.

Mention has already been made of the 17 dioceses in which we have had FIELD AFAR propaganda during the year. In addition to this help, we have received special benefactions from or through the Archbishop of St. Paul, and the Bishops of Helena, LaCrosse, Grand Island (Nebr.), Duluth, Mobile, and Hartford.



MARYKNOLL HILLTOP AS VIEWED FROM THE VILLAGE.

We have had a grant of \$2,000 from the Diocese of Pittsburgh; and gifts, passing through Diocesan Mission Aid Societies, have come, in the order of totals, from Boston, Albany, Brooklyn, New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Columbus, O.

Priests.

We are again especially pleased to state that we can trace a large proportion of our income to the cooperation of priests, of whom there are now, on our FIELD AFAR list, nearly 4,000.

Sisters.

Sisters in many States and some few in foreign lands have developed marked interest.

Lay Help.

From the laity a steady stream of small offerings has come, a goodly proportion through small circles in 30 States. Circles have also supplied gifts in kind, especially for the missions.

About 1,000 Units of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, which has its center in Cincinnati, are listed among our subscribers, and their gift-total last year was above \$9,000.

International Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The first regular allotment from the International Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which is the principal Mission Aid Society of the world, came this year in the form of a check for \$1,250.

Founders.

Nine persons have given \$5,000 or more to the work during the year, and have been enrolled as Founders. Of these two were priests.

WITH EVERY

SUBSCRIBER

A

FRIEND

Burses.

Five Burses have been completed and three have been raised from \$5,000 to \$6,000. Seven new Burses have been added to our list.

Annuities.

The new Annuities of the year totaled \$30,000. Eight former Annuities added \$15,200 to their earlier deposits.

Legacies.

Legacies maturing amounted in all to \$46,000.

Geographical Sources.

The income is derived from 40 States, the highest this year being in the order named: Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, California, New Jersey, Minnesota, Connecticut, Maryland, Rhode Island.

Fourteen foreign countries have contributed.

The Output.

Expenditures for the year were made up of these main items:

Building operations, furniture and equipment	\$165,000
Publication and General Office	151,000
House Maintenance	58,017
Missions—China, including property purchases, Korea, and passage	82,160
Preparatory College and Pacific Coast Subsidy	32,000
Interest	31,000
Reduction on debt	10,000

(The new Seminary took about \$136,000 as against \$197,000 last year. We have gone about as slowly as we could and yet advance toward needed accommodation.)

Comparisons.

A comparison of the receipts for 1922 and 1923 shows an increase of about \$29,000.

A gain was made in THE FIELD AFAR subscriptions, in dues, legacies, building helps, Burses, and mission gifts.

A falling off is noted in *The Junior*, in undesignated gifts, Student Aid, Annuities, and mission departure gifts.

A comparison of expenses shows that the total was less by \$75,000 for last year. This was due largely to our restrained building program.

Expenses were heavier for THE FIELD AFAR, General Office needs, missions, and construction other than the Seminary.

Acknowledgment for personal services is due to Doctor Flagg, Doctor Lynch, Doctor Sullivan, Doctor Perrault, Mr. Louis Britt, all of New York, and to Doctor Sweet of Ossining.



THE ROAD SQUAD ON PARADE.

ASSOCIATE—the other members of your family with Maryknoll, and let all, living and dead, share in the labors, prayers, and sacrifices of Maryknollers. Associate membership is fifty cents.



MARYKNOLL CHARIOTEERS.

No speed limit signs where this noise-maker travels.

MANY FRIENDS SHALL PUSH OUR CAUSE.

Spring Days.

MAY! To poets, this is the month of beautiful flowers; to Christians, it is the month of the fairest of all flowers—the Lily of Israel. Here under the special care of Our Lady, a tender devotion to the Queen of May has grown and ripened, and all Maryknollers love to recall the simple exercises held each evening when they gathered around her statue to sing their hymns of love and devotion.

And, since it is spring, the Knoll has started its spring cleaning. Roads seriously gutted by the thaws of March must be repaired and put into shape; lawns must be raked and the old leaves and dead grass which have been unfortunate enough to survive our mild winter must be gathered into piles and burned. The catchers' gloves, the bats, and baseball must be taken out and dusted for the opening of the season which is bound to provide much interest—not to say amusement—to those in the bleachers. The bases are all ways full!

The spirit of May is catching on our hilltop. If you have not yet gotten over a harder winter than we have had, drop in on us when you are Royce-Rolling along towards New York and perhaps the May-bug will bite you too. We have not room to burn, but our hearts are big and visitors are welcome.

Among our visitors this year was the Right Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, D. D., Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa. A little later we had a visit from the Right Rev. Msgr. Francis Kelly, of the Church Extension Society, who spoke of the work being done for neglected missions in this country. His account of home needs and the way they are being met was inspiring to us who feel firmly that the cause of the Church in this, our country, will be advanced the more we participate in the work of foreign missions.

Have you ever heard of the Dope Club? Its purpose has nothing to do with narcotics, as you may gather from its password: "What's the dope?" Every May at Maryknoll the dopesters put their heads together and decide the assignment of the newly-ordained priests and Brothers for the coming year. It is one of the indoor sports.

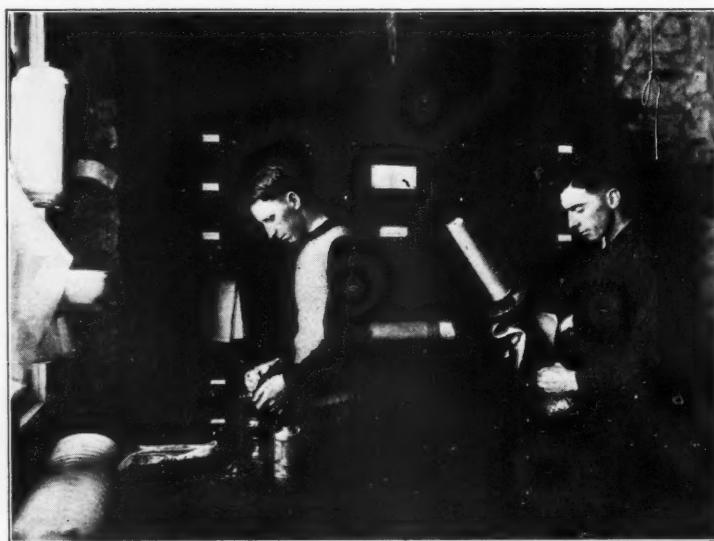
Strange as it may seem, the Dope Club has no officers and no one at Maryknoll will ever admit belonging to it, and yet it never fails to give prognostications. You should know, too, of the marvelous record of results (the acme of consistency). Never have its prophecies been correct.

We have made allusions to our new cemetery and have given some strong hints that we would welcome at least a portion of what a great stone wall and heavy grading have cost us.

No one has taken the hint and we begin to think that Maryknollers are thought too cheerful to be seriously thinking about cemeteries.

Maryknoll-at-Home Needs

- \$25,000** for the Library of new Seminary.
- \$12,000** for the Kitchen of new Seminary.
- \$10,000** for the Refectory of new Seminary.
- \$ 6,000** for a Student Bursar including personal needs.
- \$ 6,000** for a Classroom in the new Seminary.
- \$ 5,000** for a Student Bursar.
- \$ 1,000** for the Infirmary in new Seminary.
- \$ 1,000** for a Private Chapel in new Seminary.
- \$ 800** for a Faculty Room in new Seminary.
- \$ 500** for a Student's Room in new Seminary.
- \$ 50** will secure for you Perpetual Membership in C. F. M. S., and THE FIELD AFAR for life.
- \$ 5** will lay a stone in the new Seminary.
- \$ 5** will bring you THE FIELD AFAR for 6 years.
- \$ 1** will secure for you a yearly membership in C. F. M. S. with THE FIELD AFAR; it will buy 100 feet of Maryknoll land, or a Maryknoll Chi Rho pin, or a Maryknoll dollar book.
- \$.50** will obtain for you the spiritual advantages of a yearly membership in C. F. M. S., or THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR for one year.



THE SACRISTANS MAKE GOOD USE OF MANUAL LABOR HOUR.

HOW SHALL THEY KNOW OF CHRIST

The Vénard After the Winter Winds.



THE VENARD. OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGE.

This view is taken from a so-called public road that soon should be made worthy of so slightly a building.

"What days and what bright years!
Ah me!

Our life were life indeed, with Thee
So pass'd in quiet bliss."

IN the limbo of forgotten things, now, are the biting winds and impassable drifts of February. The homely tang of ploughed fields, the peaceful woods clad in refreshing green and ringing with the chorus of God's feathered minstrels, the new-found beauty of the circling hills, the heartening sun beaming in unconcealed delight, a foretaste of heaven—this is the picture of the Vénard in the Queen Mother's very own month.

Spring to the American youth spells baseball, and our young 'uns are hard at it. The team has already proved its mettle; the "Midgets" are defying the world. This year the permanent athletic field was planned and with the splendid energy of youth, partially prepared. Initial steps toward the erection of a handball court have been taken, and the Senior Class is engrossed in the construction of a grotto which will be its heritage to future Vénarders.

A unique contest is on tap ere the college halls are deserted for vacation, the Nationals versus the Internationals—Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, etc., against the combined forces of Ireland, England, France, Holland and Italy. Henry from Holland, the Babe Ruth of the latter nine, threatens to drive the ball into the Zuyder Zee. We could use that old glove of yours, relic of boyhood days, to catch the horsehides that Mr. Hugh Jennings so thoughtfully furnished.

We don't know whether to be sad or glad. The new bell that puts out its tongue so brazenly may be music to the ears at dinner time, but as fourteen-year old Johnny from New York laments: "A fellow can't ever fail to hear it at 5:30 a.m." It supplies a long felt want, however, and we are grateful to the donors.

"Down by the Old Dismal Swamp" our young apostles no longer wander, for, as already chronicled, some hours of intelligent manual labor have converted it into a lake that gladdens the eye of the occasional wayfarer up our road. Daily the Rector is besieged for permission "to have a swim"; did not Billy K., fished out after an unexpected ducking, declare it wasn't cold at all? Lake Vénard is a decided improvement to the property.

These are days of great activity during the work hour. Roads must be rebuilt, the truck garden and field crops sowed and cultivated, the piglets given a new concrete home, the flower garden laid out, and myriad other forms of labor looked after. But studies take precedence and are not a whit neglected.

Taking a leaf from Maryknoll's book, each evening, after supper, the community assemblies in front of the Blessed Virgin's statue for a hymn and prayers to the Queen of May who is also Mother of Missioners. Then, each young heart warms with love and holy desire to sing praises to her sweet name among those teeming millions who know not of her Divine Son. And silent ejaculations ascend that they may persevere, and persevering, be found

worthy of the Apostolate of Jesus Christ. Truly, these are bright days and bright years, for life is life indeed, with Him—in quiet bliss—at the Vénard.

LAUGH WHILE YOU LEARN!

This is not a new book of romance; neither is it a book of travel; nor yet a volume of spiritual reflections. It is all these and more. It is the first-hand impressions of a modern constructionist in the things of God, jotted down as he went through ripening harvests in the Far East, and told with the consummate art of a metropolitan feature writer. The human interest is not the least of the work's characteristics. The Catholic man, woman, youth, or maiden who hasn't read the book has missed a best seller; and the Catholic who doesn't want to read it ought to leave out "Thy kingdom come!" when reciting the Our Father.

—*Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

The author has furnished the American public with a literary treat in the shape of a diary of his trip to the Orient. The book is written in a very interesting and entertaining style and is profusely illustrated. The whole scope of the work the Church is doing in its efforts to evangelize China and Japan is thoroughly gone over. The tale is replete with the hardships and sacrifices the missionaries are enduring in their task to carry the light of the true Gospel to the heathen. A keen sense of humor and a deep spirit of cheerfulness find expression on many a page. We are certain the book will enlist countless friends in the cause of the missions.

—*The Evangelist, Albany.*

Observations in the Orient

—By a Maryknoller—

320 pp. text, 82 pp. illustrations.
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Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

UNLESS CHRIST CRUCIFIED BE PREACHED TO THEM?

Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles.

MARYKNOLL now has its God's acre at Los Angeles—a cemetery plot at Calvary, with twelve graves, located under a large tree and near the chapel. Better still, the body of our beloved young Brother Thomas has been transferred from its temporary resting place to the new lot. Brother Thomas McCann, a native of Brooklyn, was the first in what we believe will be a long line of Maryknoll Auxiliary Brothers.

A postulant has arrived at the Los Angeles Mission, from Japan, and Sister Mariana, her countrywoman, already professed, can have a real old-fashioned chat occasionally. The postulant is reported as very happy in the new surroundings.

FROM BAMBOO PHIL.

OUR school auditorium was recently the scene of a pretty ceremony. Because of its attractiveness and roominess, it was chosen for a gathering of Japanese children, who were to be greeted there by the younger members of a delegation that had been sent to America by the *Tokyo Herald*, to express Japan's gratitude for the prompt and munificent aid extended a stricken people after the disastrous earthquake of last September.

The principal characters in this delegation were, not renowned parliamentarians and political leaders, but two young girls, aged eight and ten. Japan has a way of doing things quite its own, which is usually a very charming way. The children were Kimiko and Midoro Motowori. Their singing and acting were a revelation to us American Japanese. One of Midoro's own compositions was rendered by the two sisters. They were accompanied by their father, an expert pianist, and composer of note. Mr. Motowori was the first to achieve an harmonic blending between Japanese and Western music, following the forms of the latter without sacrificing the spirit of the

A good investment indeed, is a Perpetual Associate Membership, which entitles you, during your lifetime, if *The Field Afar* survives you, to its regular visit without further payment, and to spiritual advantages that will continue as long as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America shall last.



THE LATEST POSTULANT.

A recent arrival at the Maryknoll Convent in Los Angeles.

former. Our children made the little girls repeat "The Dancing Horse," composed by His Imperial Highness, Prince Sumi, young brother of the present ruler of Japan, Midoro reciting the story in song, Kimiko presenting it in action. Kimiko's geisha dances were inimitable. Everybody fell in love with "Little Princess Child." One could not but marvel how two young children could be drilled so admirably.

Acting Consul Luke Shibasaki arranged for a formal reception at his elegant home in Hollywood in honor of the Misses Motowori. It was a distinguished gathering of Japanese and Americans, with the flowered kimonos dominating a scene of loveliness. Typical Japanese music was rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Yoshida on the koto and bamboo flute and by Miss Nakamura on the popular Japanese samisen. These guests constituted part of the Japanese delegation. Singers and players were under the direction of Mr. T. Nagata, of the Tokyo Imperial Theatre.

A full eight-days' retreat preceded the solemn profession, at which Sisters Michael, Elizabeth, and Philomena made their final vows. These were received by Fr. Kress, as the Bishop's representative. The retreat was conducted by the Passionist, Fr. Marcellus. All of us school children had a part in the festivities, as the Apostolic Delegation gave us a free day.

Some may imagine that it would be impossible to get any mission formation out of mathematics, but that is not true. I know of an arithmetic, for example, intended for country schools, that makes up every problem of something in country life, and is said to be the most effective arithmetic ever produced for country schools. Can we not do as much for the salvation of souls? Is there difficulty, for instance, in changing the problem, "If one dozen eggs cost 50 cents, how much will 10 dozen cost?" into the problem, "If one Chinese baby costs 25 cents, how much will 12 Chinese babies cost?"

—Fr. Price.

Maryknoll-in-San Francisco.

WE are certainly glad to announce that the Maryknoll Procure in this city is now free of debt, thanks to the kind cooperation of our beloved Archbishop Hanna, the pastors of San Francisco, and the generous assistance of the Auxiliary. We are most grateful.

What next?

A Preparatory College to train the boys of the Coast for the missions. That is now our dream, task, and duty. There is no institution west of the Rockies for this work. Its need now is certain, and its value for the future will be great. Being the gateway of the Orient, the Coast should figure mightily in the mission history of the fields afar. Vocations are here now, and more will come.

Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

THE Circle held a very successful card party in the Maryknoll Hall last month. Over thirty tables were set up and soon filled. There was a good musical program and the net returns totaled about \$75. A bazaar is planned for after Easter.

Mrs. C. A. Ouelette, president of the Maryknoll Circle, held an afternoon Whist and Euchre at her own home. It was well attended and added \$30 to the Circle receipts.

And now comes the "big" party which the Knights of Columbus are giving for the benefit of Maryknoll. It will take the form of a Card Party and Social Entertainment.

YOU CAN PROMOTE DEVOTION TO MARY

The Chi Rho.



IF you know anything of Maryknoll, you have seen the Chi Rho, which is stamped on about everything connected with the institution and its personnel. It was even getting on to towels and tablecloths until the Superior objected to vulgarizing it.

And he was right, because the Chi Rho is made up of the two first letters, in Greek, of the blessed name of Christ (X. P.).

As a pin, however, and even as a ring, the Chi Rho has a real propaganda value and has started many a conversation on foreign missions. It has also proved, at times, a sign of recognition and an open sesame to many advantages. We recall just here, for example, how, on a summer evening, a certain Maryknoller now in China, approached the ticket seller on a steamboat line in America, and inquired for a stateroom. "All sold," came the reply, and the disappointed traveler was about to move on when the man in the box turned friendly all of a sudden, and asked if that wasn't a Maryknoll pin on his coat lapel.

The stateroom was secured.

And now comes a Chi Rho



THIS BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE A JAPANESE PARISH IN LOS ANGELES.

touch from Fr. Morris in Korea, who has this to say:

And here let me relate how differently my Chi Rho pin impressed two persons. One day, while aboard the *President Jackson*, one of the passengers came up to me with a bland, fraternal smile, saying, "I see you're a Rotarian. To what club do you belong?" I chuckled a bit and then informed this gentleman from Seattle, of the deeper, higher things the Chi Rho stands for, even in his home town. He seemed glad to hear of us.

On the train from Tokyo to Shimomoseki, I approached two young men whom I overheard speaking English. Both were Portuguese, from Kobe, bound for Shanghai by way of Shimomoseki and Nagasaki. One of the boys, spotting my pin, spontaneously exclaimed, "You're from Maryknoll." He was a student in a college at Macao, under Fr. J. M. DeLima, who is at present director of St. Joseph's Seminary for the diocese of Macao. Fr. DeLima made it a practice to distribute copies of *THE FIELD AFAR* among the boys, and Felix, my casual acquaintance, had not forgotten the high sign.

*"Well, this is the end of me,"
Said the dog
As he put his tail in his mouth.
Being a mad dog
He made a vicious circle.
Some of our subscribers
Who forget to renew
Think we can make both ends
meet
Like the dog.
No, it simply can't be done.
We regret to have to dun
With such execrable pun;
Send the \$ and we'll run—
TOOT—TOOT—!!!*



Father Price of Maryknoll

Artistically illustrated, tenderly written, exquisitely printed, and attractively bound, this little book is a gem. The biography which it relates is that of an American of yesterday who showed the pious devotedness which there is a tendency to attribute almost wholly to saints of long ago.

Catholic School Journal, Milwaukee.

This little book affords most interesting reading. Father Price was a truly apostolic man and an inspiration to all who came in contact with him. He possessed a serenity of mind and a gaiety of disposition which are always accompaniments of sanctity, and which made him proof against the many disappointments that came to him in the course of his missionary labors. —*Messenger of the Sacred Heart, N. Y.*

Everyone interested in our country's entrance into the mission field should read *FATHER PRICE OF MARYKNOLL*, a biographical sketch of a thoroughly apostolic man whose life was adorned with the virtues of the saints and replete with works of zeal for the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth. Conspicuous among these was his establishment of *TRUTH*, a magazine to carry Catholic doctrine into regions of bigotry and prejudice, his founding with Father Walsh of the national foreign mission Seminary in our own country, and finally his offering himself, though advanced in years, to labor in China for the conversion of that land. The beautiful story thrills and inspires from beginning to end.—*The Vincentian, St. Louis.*

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BY HELPING THE WORK OF MARYKNOLL.

The Store Across the Way.

Story by Fr. John Wakefield. Reprinted from FIELD AFAR Stories, Volume I, at the request of a clerical reader.



HE sign *To Let* had been taken out of the little store-window across the street from St. Patrick's Church, and no one was more interested in its removal than zealous Fr. Ryan, who exercised spiritual jurisdiction over the parish, and, incidentally, a considerable influence over all that concerned it.

The young pastor's heart was in his work, and his work was in the town. He had had a long fight to effect the closing of the poolroom formerly located opposite his church—a substantial-looking structure that was the boast of Catholics in that particular section of New Jersey. And now he wondered who was going to occupy the place.

Even as the priest asked himself this question, a man in overalls that were once white, stopped before the window, deposited paint and brush on the bricks, and standing at the curb, some feet away, made ready for an "artistic" attack on the field of glass. But just then the rectory door bell rang, and between visitors and a hurried sick-call, Fr. Ryan did not find time to return to his chair by the window until after supper.

He was glad then of the opportunity to relax a little over the evening paper and a few periodicals, but before dropping into his seat, he suddenly thought of the store across the way. He looked over, and a low exclamation escaped him. It was nothing to prick the conscience of an earnest director of the Holy Name Society, but it certainly did express disapproval. The new sign read:

JOHN FONG LAUNDRY

Fr. Ryan never had liked Chinamen. To be sure, he had not had any personal experience with them, but he had heard they were a low set, especially these laundrymen. His neighbor, Fr. Franch, had been obliged to run one out of the town because of his perverting influence, and it was generally

understood that they gambled and smoked opium whenever they had a chance. They surely were an undesirable lot.

The young pastor tried to console himself with the reflection that the fellow across the way was, in any event, under his eyes. Still, it was annoying to feel that even his moments of recreation must be interrupted by a more or less constant espionage.

As he looked again, he discovered on the sign, just below the name, a small ornament which appeared exactly like the letter M surmounted by a tiny cross. He smiled at the resemblance between it and the medallion on the base of the Blessed Virgin's statue in his church.

That was Monday. On Wednesday John Fong, a tall, clean-looking Chinaman, arrived, carrying a graphophone case in his hand. A wagon-load of belongings came soon afterwards, and by Saturday morning the same John was ready for business at the new stand.

Fr. Ryan had been watching operations whenever he could, and he became so interested that when he went into the dimly lighted church on Saturday night, he imagined for a moment that he saw the young Chinaman kneeling in one of the pews. He smiled again at the coincidence.

But the next day, when the pastor turned to the people, after reading the Gospel at the last Mass, he almost forgot his announcements as he spied John Fong erect before him, guarding the end of the second pew. It was a real struggle to talk that morning, and all day long the priest was puzzling to find out why the fellow should have come into the church.

He decided to take the bull by the horns at the earliest possible moment. So before Monday morning was far advanced, he stepped across the street, opened the store-door and saluted John Fong, Laundryman.

The Chinaman actually beamed as he recognized the priest, and before the latter could utter a sentence, he found himself seated at a little table behind

DOES THIS SUGGEST?

We are starting a library in our school and wish to include some good books dealing with missions. We wish to include books of this nature in the hope that the call may come to boys and girls of our parish. Please send the books at once.

—College Point, N. Y.

a partition that divided the old pool room into two compartments. John was standing over him, pouring tea into a dainty cup that had never had a handle. A barrel half full of rice, a chest of tea, two chairs, the table with some cups and saucers—these were the visible furnishings of the room. Anything else there might be was hidden by a screen that stood in one corner. As Fr. Ryan glanced about rather anxiously, he suddenly fixed his eyes with keen interest on two objects that hung on the wall—a crucifix and a highly-colored, glossy print of Our Lady and the Infant Christ.

John Fong was not less keen, and as Fr. Ryan turned inquiringly, the Chinaman made the sign of the cross and said, "*You Catholic too, yes?*" It did not take long for Fr. Ryan to assure his host on this point, whereupon John produced an album of photographs and postcards and spread it before him.

Most of the prints were of Canton and near-by villages in the province of Kwangtung. The first page was adorned with a picture of the Bishop of Canton, and one of the Cathedral, a splendid type of Gothic architecture, and quite spacious. Astonished, Fr. Ryan turned the page. There he found a view of the interior of the church, filled with devout worshippers, all Chinese, to whom a priest, evidently Chinese also, was speaking. In another place there were photographs of Mrs. Fong, and there was one of a little family group surrounding a table on which was standing a statue of the Blessed Virgin. These were followed by snapshots of shrines and chapels, and of some Sisters with their orphan charges. While Fr. Ryan was buried

in such revelations, John went behind the screen and returned with six books. They were all printed in Chinese characters, but they bore the Latin *imprimatur* of a Catholic bishop and the advertisement of a Catholic printing press in Hongkong.

The priest did not say much, but smiled, wished his neighbor good luck, and withdrew with the remark that they would see each other often. And they did, with a quite unexpected result for Fr. Ryan.

John Fong was at Communion the next Sunday, and people began to ask questions. Was that Chinaman baptized here or in China? How many Catholics were there in China? Were they getting more numerous? Had they any priests of their own? What missionaries were teaching them? Had we any American priests over there? Did the Chinese make good Catholics?

Good Fr. Ryan could not answer. He was, as we have already remarked, full of zeal for his own work. Shortly after entering on his duties as assistant to the former pastor, an invalid, he had been appointed administrator. There was much to be done, and the young priest had set himself to the task so earnestly that he rarely left the town, except once a month to visit his family in Newark, and occasionally to make some purchases in New York.

While the old pastor lived, Fr. Ryan had been careful not to offend him by radical changes, but gradually he had put new life into the people. In the matter of arousing them to any interest wider than that of the parish, however, he had, without giving it much thought, followed the example of his superior.

Word came regularly from the chan-cery office of collections for certain diocesan needs, for Indian and Negro Missions and the Propagation of the Faith, for the Catholic University, or the Holy Land. All these notices received respectful attention, were transcribed into the announcement book, and read to the people, but there was rarely a substantial increase in the result. And after the pastor's death, though changes in other lines were

more frequent, the tradition in regard to outside collections remained. As nuns look to the stranger—all alike—so exterior needs had appeared to Fr. Ryan.

But now that John Fong had come upon the scene, a new outlook opened up before him. The foreign mission news that had escaped attention in his weekly perusal of *The Monitor* caught and held his eye. He even subscribed to a paper devoted exclusively to the foreign missions, and wrote to the editor for some literature which would provide him with material for a series of mission talks to his Sodality, to the Holy Name Society, and to the Sunday School.

He was no less attentive to his parish life than before; but he now made time to consider many outside charities, and, when the occasion offered, he pleaded earnestly for each good cause as it presented itself. And he noticed that the wider his interest in these needs became, the warmer grew his own zeal and that of his people, who in turn constantly praised his unselfish spirit.

The priest spent many spare moments with John Fong, who, though busy from morning till late at night, always stopped work when his pastor entered the store. Through John, Fr. Ryan, now thoroughly interested, started a correspondence with a French priest in Canton who was eager to learn English, and he then began to realize the urgent need of American priests in the new Republic.

It was this train of thought that led to a holy ambition striking deep into his soul, a desire to consecrate the remainder of his priestly life to the conversion of heathen people.

He kept his purpose secret, worked harder than ever to get the parish in prime condition, and, in the meantime, wrote to the Foreign Mission Seminary, about which he had until lately known next to nothing.

It was not long before he received assurance of his acceptance at the Seminary. He then approached his bishop, a large-minded prelate who, though conscious of the sacrifice the diocese was making, argued that it would bring its own blessing in return, and cheer-

fully consented to Fr. Ryan's departure as soon as arrangements could be made to replace him.

A year later, the former New Jersey pastor was sailing from San Francisco for China.

On his way to the mission to which he had been assigned, Fr. Ryan stopped at Canton and surprised the bishop with the story of John Fong and his own call to the East.

When the bishop learned the facts, he sent for Fr. Ryan's "China correspondent," and insisted that the latter should bring the American out to the little village where John Fong's wife and children resided. The visit was an interesting one for all concerned, including John's pastor in China, a French priest, whose admiration of his exiled parishioner was unbounded.

"John Fong is ambitious," the pastor said, "and is trying to earn enough in America to establish a business here. He wishes to give his two boys a thorough education and his hope is that one will become a priest and the other a prominent figure in the new Republic.

"You know," he added, "we are now the United States of Asia."

Then the good priest explained that John's dream of his boy as future president of the Republic of China did not suggest an altogether worldly ambition. "The boy," he said, "will be trained in some American Catholic College, and then, 'bym-bye,' his father writes, 'little John will be big man, big Catholic, make everyone Catholic.'"

Fr. Ryan's former flock do not forget him, nor does he on his distant mission lose interest in them. They were his first children in Christ and they are still as dear to him as when he was among them.

His successor is, fortunately for him, in perfect sympathy with the cause of foreign missions. He became interested while at a seminary where special attention had lately been given to this long-neglected, yet ideal, priestly influence.

Fr. Ryan's letters are read to the people, who, unasked, give the pastor not infrequently "something to push the line forward in China."

W R O T E " M A R Y K N O L L M I S S I O N L E T T E R S . "

Frozen Leaves From Korea.

BY this time our Korean group has thawed, but we have before us a delayed letter written in January, with some interesting diary which we give in part:

Fr. Morris returned from his first missionary trip with a tale of having been held up by a customs officer at the bridge between Antung and Sin Gishu. He has been suspected since the day he sported a full-length, second-hand astrakhan coat and a fur cap. The Japanese took him for a Russian. He brought home a pillow-slip full of apples.

A few days ago a couple of hens were presented to the Fathers, and now comes a youngster with a pair of pheasants. The natives are willing to share their meager fare with the Sin Poo.

Fr. Morris profited by an enforced visit to the capital to glean some practical notions. Among other places inspected was the Presbyterian College, located at a distance of a twenty-minute train ride from Seoul. This sect possesses an estate of 2,000 acres, which lies close to the railroad station. The purchase price was 80,000 yen (\$40,000), in 1915. The owners intend to purchase another 100 acres that will bring their property up to the railroad. The plans include a model village besides an extensive educational center. A group of ten or twelve of these cottages, designed after the American type, are already up and occupied by married students. The total enrollment is 115. As to the college buildings, there is a group of four, of stone and reinforced concrete, which form the center of what will be a crescent, occupying a commanding view on the side of a mountain. The last of the four, now nearing completion, is a science building that will cost \$205,000 gold, without scientific equipment. The architects are Murphy and Dana of New York. The steel came from Shanghai; the granite trimmings were obtained from the mountain that rises to the rear. A notable feature is a tile

THE FIELD AFAR for life, \$50.



THE GENIAL KOREAN PASTOR
OF WIJU.

skylight, which consists of wired glass encased in cement. This furnishes light while providing against leaks, and enhances the appearance of the roof. A generous benefactor of this institution is President Underwood, of the type-writer firm of that name, whose brother was a missionary in Korea from 1885 to 1916. Over a million dollars have been spent on this property up to date; and the end is not yet. The Protestants have sunk millions in Korea, for this is but one of their many institutions. The number of their workers is large.

Being Wednesday, our weekly free day, Fr. Byrne went to Yongampo, the Korean port on the Yellow Sea, at the mouth of the Yalu River, to look over the situation there. It is fast growing in importance, and looks like the logical place for the future Procure, as it affords harbor to shipping from Japan and China (the only port in our section to receive ships from Shanghai). Fr. Morris stayed at home to catch up on overdue correspondence. Fr. Cleary went to the local custom-house to obtain the release of chairs from Shanghai, and a stove which

THE MARYKNOLL DOZEN



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ARE YOU SURE that your PUBLIC LIBRARY has all the above publications? It will consider your request to add them to its shelves. WHY NOT TRY?

came up the river for us yesterday. Fr. Byrne returned in the evening, cold and hungry, but satisfied with his trip. He was surprised at the little "Hurrah" that we had ready for him when Bro. Isidore presented him at table with his first attempt at pie making, boasting a lone candle in the

The Field Afar for 6 years, \$5.

PRAY TO OUR LADY OF MARYKNOLL

center, in honor of the "first anniversary."

Fr. Byrne went to Sin Gishu, late in the afternoon, to be on hand for early Mass for the Christians in the morning.

We must get a missionary's home in Sin Gishu, even if it be but a mud hut. Be it ever so muddy, there's no place like. . . . Fr. B. reports squatting on his heels for three hours straight, after Mass, in a little two-by-four room with fifty Koreans, and never a crack for a breath of ozone, while oratorical flights were indulged in relative to the purchase of a suitable (to the purse) site for a church and school, in that growing city. Thirteen years ago, land could be bought in Sin Gishu for one cent a tsubo (30 square feet). Today the price is from forty dollars gold, up. Still if you haven't the money, it's as easy to buy a thousand tsubo as one. A pilgrimage through the city and its suburbs, made in the afternoon, failed to reveal any proper site open to one not quite a millionaire. Flooded ground may be had at cheaper rates, but we are not Baptists.

About five in the afternoon, the Korean Mayor of Gishu sent word that he would make a call on the American Fathers as soon after six as possible. Bro. Isidore rushed to the kitchen for the can opener, and to superintend the hasty preparation of a "banquet." The Mayor is the highest civil representative of the Koreans, by whom he is elected for a term of office that depends on himself. He is the most influential Korean in the locality; so we told Bro. Isidore to add cheese to the dessert. Though a pagan, the Mayor has long been a good friend of Fr. Sye. He arrived about half-past six and remained after the banquet till about ten. He proposes, as the two most likely ways to attract people to the Church, the erection of a well-equipped school, in which English would be taught, and a modern hospital. As a result of the evening's deliberations, we have practically decided to begin a night school for the young men and boys who wish to study English. The Mayor is to return, in a few days, for our decision about the school and the formulation of plans. We began at

night prayers a Novena to the Holy Ghost for guidance in the matter of securing property in Sin Gishu.

At the invitation of the local Japanese Mandarin, we went to the City Hall to meet the Lieutenant-Governor of Chosen, on an official visit to Gishu. It was an interesting proceeding. The boys from the government middle school were lined up awaiting the arrival of the Japanese dignitary. We took our place with a number of the local officials and gentry, near the entrance.

The Lieutenant-Governor dismounted from his automobile, and walked up between the lines of schoolboys. He bowed graciously as he spied Fr. Sye, and stopped to chat with us as he was entering the gateway, speaking very good English. Later, in a personal interview, he inquired about our work here. Courteous, refined, and gracious, he is the finest type of Japanese we have met in our short experience.

Father Byrne, After Many Disappointing Visits to the Hatch, Finds His First Nest Egg.

JOY fell on Fr. Byrne and his companions in Korea, when they opened a letter from a certain priest-friend and found a generous check therein. Fr. Byrne wrote back to Maryknoll, on this occasion:

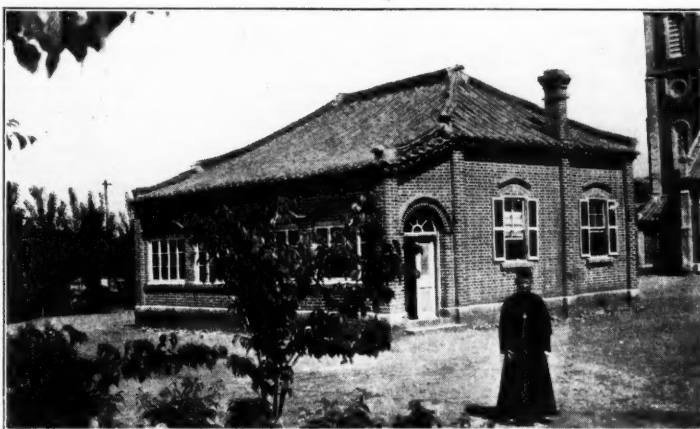
Fr. —'s gift is indeed worth cele-

brating. May his example be contagious! I wonder if Dr. F. couldn't isolate for us a colony of "Generosity Bacilli" which we could insert in copies of *THE FIELD AFAR*. I shall write to Fr. — at once to tell him how large shall be the letters of gold to commemorate his gift.

It will be necessary for us to separate rather sooner than we expected. The Bishop wants his men as soon as he can get them, and while I have a practical assurance that a "good one" will be left with us to direct the first steps of the native priests ordained for our section, we shall soon have to step out for ourselves.

The greatest need is in Sin Gishu, in Korea, opposite Antung. There are two hundred Christians there and their eternal question is: "When are we going to have a priest here?" Last Sunday, when I went down to say Mass, I found six strangers who wanted to become Catholics, because of the sermons preached by the good example of the native faithful.

I mustn't forget to tell you that Fr. Morris is our language wizard here. He takes to Korean like a duck to hootch, and will soon be spouting it like a regular fellow. Fr. Cleary and I tell him he's just trying to show off, and that if he had any humility (as we have), he wouldn't be displaying his prowess so blatantly.



WITH THE PASTOR OF WIJU ON THE YALU.
Where our four Korean missionaries have hibernated.

FOR THE CONVERSION OF PAGAN SOULS.



Items on Persons and Things Medical.

AN unusual offer along medical lines has been made to the Maryknoll Sisters. We hope to make this offer known in our next issue. It is worth waiting to hear.

Fr. Moulinier, S.J., an apostle of Catholic hospital progress, calls for more vocations to the sisterhoods. According to his reckoning, 20,000 Sisters are already engaged in hospital work throughout the United States and Canada, and between seventy and eighty thousand more in teaching and other occupations; but the demand is so great that the full number could be doubled.

In Shanghai, a large hospital for Chinese has been established largely through the efforts of a well known and very zealous Catholic layman (Chinese), Mr. Lo Pa Hong.

Of this hospital, Fr. O'Melia, a Maryknoller who recently visited it, writes:

There are about seventeen hundred persons under care in the Hospice, mostly sick persons. The balance is made up of orphans and destitute, aged men and women. St. Joseph's Hospice has treated some 500,000 cases since it was established eleven years ago, all of them gratis. It costs thousands of dollars monthly to run the establishment, yet it has no assured income. So far the money has come in from one source or another, a considerable amount from pagans.

THE Sneezeville (Kochow) dispensary chaplain writes:

A patient treated at the dispensary made an offering of part payment for services rendered her. She considered herself "too humble to make a gift to the Fathers." She was too poor to pay

even cost price for the medicine received, "but if the Father would only pass over her unworthiness, and be happy to accept her all 'too common' offering in an 'all too common form,' she also would be happy." Even this gracious little speech (and the sweet potatoes—the "all too common" offering—accompanying it) were fortified by the presence of the head lady catechist. The surprise nearly proved too much for the Reverend Infirmarian's composure.

Here is a thought, respectfully suggested to large, self-paying hospitals in the good old U. S. A. The Kochow Mission Dispensary, which does not make any pretense at a large practice, treated gratuitously nearly 500 minor cases during the year 1923. Only one brought an offering. Another asked for his bill. Recipients of our "professional" skill, time, and medicines are truly too poor to pay full cost price of the pills or mixtures we hand out to them. Catholic charity certainly makes its inevitable, positively good impression. It has broken down indifference; it has served as a means of introduction between pagans, especially pagan women, and the priests. Not infrequently conversions have resulted. Can we not find some Catholic hospitals at home to extend their own sphere of influence, their power for doing physical and spiritual good, by sending to missions and mission stations such items as standard and guaranteed samples of cough mixtures, salves for skin diseases, cathartic compounds, odds and ends of bottles, corks, etc.? Such sample remedies nearly every physician receives daily. A center might be established to which samples might be delivered. They would be valuable to the missionary if only because of their containers. The carriers, corks, cotton, sterile swabs, are very dear over here. If the patients could only pay cost for bottles, we should not be put to the extremity of using magazine pages, and rinsed evaporated milk tins as containers for salves and solutions. Perhaps this little item does not appeal strongly to a people accustomed to every convenience and the speedy gratification of every need. In China where expenses are computed on the basis of a tenth of a cent, money is not plentiful nor soon parted with.

Names of M. D.'s, D. M. D.'s, Pharmacists, and nurses are being added to our lists. Your friends in these professions can be interested.

WARNING TO REMITTERS.

An unusual number of losses in the mail, reported lately, make it necessary for us to warn our subscribers to remit by post office order, check, or express money order.

A professor of the University of Rome has recently founded an international work of charity for the relief of lepers.

Professor d'Amato has specialized in dermatology. He considers leprosy the most terrible of all infections.

Doctors and medical students who wish to become members should write to Professor Vincenzo d'Amato, Professor of Dermatology at the University of Rome, Via Cesare Battisti 133 Roma (I), Italy.

Professor d'Amato asks also that all *Superiors of Missionary Orders, Institutes, and Congregations* send to those who direct the work any publications or data which treat of their missionary activities among the lepers.

A doctor from Massachusetts writes:

A patient of mine gave me, some time ago, a fur-lined coat which had belonged to her son while in the army. In *THE FIELD AFAR*, I saw a picture of some of your students cutting ice. I thought that I would comply with the request of the good woman to "give the coat to some worthy cause" if I sent it to you to keep some of your brothers, seminarians, or mission priests comfortable in cold weather.

The coat went off directly to Korea where 10°-below-letters had been telling of "furrin" needs.

The Maryknoll Bureau in New York City is at 410 East 57th Street. A representative of the Society is always on hand to receive subscriptions or renewals, and to answer questions regarding our work.

The healing hand often opens the way to a man's soul. A Medical Dispensary can be built for \$1,500—and supported for \$200.



Circles Coming Strong to The Front.

THE Dunmore Circle, of Dunmore, Pa., and the Vénard Circle of Scranton, Pa., are doing generous and welcome work for our Preparatory College at Clark's Summit. Besides sponsoring two students, they are kind in sending the Stringless Gifts that find their way to aid in the many needs.

Members of the St. Francis Xavier Circle, Philadelphia, Pa., assisted by Circles from the same city, were hostesses at a large reception at which the Superior of Maryknoll-in-China gave a lecture and presented the Maryknoll Movies. The splendid attendance gave evidence of the keen interest of our "Penn City" friends in spreading our great cause. The assisting Circles were as follows: Blessed Sacrament Circle, Children of Mary Circle, Immaculate Conception Circle, Our Lady of Lourdes Circle, Sacred Heart Circle, St. Agnes Burse League, St. Columba Circle, St. Teresa Circle, and St. Vincent de Paul Circle.

The following Circles, welcomed to our hearthstone, give promise of keeping the home fires burning: St. Moses Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Kim Korean Club; The George Edward Circle, Westfield, Mass.; St. Dominic Circle, Winchester, Mass.; Maryknoll Circle, Ithaca, N. Y.; St. Mary's Young Ladies' Society, Lancaster, N. Y.; St. Stephen's Maryknoll Circle, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Will Sewing Circles Kindly Note These Needs for China?

Altar cloths (preferably plain) 13 feet by 25 inches; under cloths, 22 inches by 72 inches; benediction cloths, about 25 inches by 72 inches; benediction corporals, about 16 inches square; albs, any size; household linens—face, turkish, dish, and roller towels; sheets, pillowcases, blankets (any size), table napkins.

FROM THE CIRCLE LETTER BAG.

I take pleasure in enclosing a check for \$50 voted for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, at the last meeting of the Board of Directors of the Catholic Converts League.—N. Y. C.

We are happy to send you this check for \$200, which represents the proceeds of a card party held here, under the auspices of St. Mary's Circle. (Another donation came later.)—Cambridge, Mass.

The accompanying \$51 is to be used as follows: \$25 for the support of a native priest; \$25 for the support of a catechist; \$1 for the Tower Fund.—Mary Ann Circle, Lafayette, Ind.

Here we are with our check for \$200 to be applied to our student aid fund. We hope it will not be long before we are able to send you the balance, \$100. Our Circle is growing and all goes well.—St. Joseph Maryknoll Circle.

At the last annual banquet of the Catholic Daughters of America, in our parish, it was suggested to them that they might do something for Maryknoll. For this purpose, the Daughters sold Christmas and gift cards and realized the sum of \$100. We are happy to send this to you, to help educate a student for the foreign missions. The amount is indeed small, but we hope

Clucking for Korean Circles.



more will follow soon. Success to you all!—Freehold, N. J.

RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

The following needs have felt the warmth of the Circles' rays:

Catechist Support—St. Teresa's Circle, Tarrytown, N. Y.; St. Francis Xavier Circle, Philadelphia, Pa.

Circle Dues—Prospect Circle, Waltham, Mass.; Mission Circle, Danielson, Conn.; Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Circle, Holyoke, Mass.; St. Teresa's Circle, Tarrytown, N. Y.; St. Teresa's Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart Circle, Philadelphia, Pa.

Leper Fund—St. Rose of Lima Circle, N. Y.

Miscellaneous Needs, Household and Personal—The Harvesters, Chicago, Ill.; Corpus Christi Circle, St. Paul, Minn.; St. Peter's Circle, N. Y. C.; Bishop Dunn Circle, N. Y. C.; L. V. Z., Buffalo, N. Y.; Maryknoll Mission Circle, Grove Hall, Mass.; Mary Ann Circle, Lafayette, Ind.; J. J. T., N. Y.; St. Joseph's Circle, N. Y.; Maryknoll Circle, Flint, Mich.; L. T., Mass.

Perpetual Memberships—St. Teresa's Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart Circle, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Mary's Circle, Mass.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE AND MAIL TO ADDRESS BELOW

"TICKET O' LEAVE"

MARYKNOLL, N. Y. TO THE ORIENT.

I,

hereby agree to raise the sum of one dollar, within sixty days after date. During the sixty days I am to think of the text: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." It is understood that the returns will go toward defraying the expenses of a Maryknoll Missioner who will leave for the field afar in September.

"UNITE IN GOOD WILL TO CIRCLE THE GLOBE!"

Address: Circle Director, Maryknoll, New York.

Date of return

AN ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING BOOK.

Ransom of Babies—The Little Flower Club, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mater Christi Circle, Cleveland, Ohio.

Room in Convent—St. Columba Circle, Philadelphia, Pa.

Stringless Gifts—St. Peter's Circle, N. Y. C.; Sodality, Washington, D. C.; St. Rose of Lima Circle, N. Y. C.; Bernadette Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jeso Shing Sam Circle, Hamilton, Ohio; Mission Pep Society, Troy, N. Y.; Mission Society, Rochester, N. Y.; Mission Circle, New Bedford, Mass.; Court Liberty Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rosary Circle, N. Y. C.; Théophane Vénard Circle, Worcester, Mass.; Eliot School Circle; St. Ann's Circle, Rochester, N. Y.; Chi Rho Club; Mission Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Children of Mary Sodality, Greenwich, Conn.; St. Ann's Circle, Castle Shannon, Pa.; St. Francis Xavier Circle, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Agnes Circle, N. Y. C.; B. A., Detroit, Mich.; F. E., Harrisburg, Pa.; M. McG., Somerville, Mass.



Students' Crusade Maryknoll Activities.

CRUSSADE units of other climes may welcome a suggestion from the C. S. M. C. Academia, of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. Their policy is not to add burdens to the already taxed students, but to capitalize the interests and needs of the school for the benefit of the missions. Their latest successful venture was the purchase of a one-ton Ford with a Beverly body to carry visitors and excursion parties to and from the seminary villa in the New Hampshire hills. They called it their *Missionibus*.

A big "Thank You" to the students of the Catholic Mission Crusade of America, for their generous cooperation with all Maryknollers in their great work—the salvation of souls in pagan lands.

The St. Joseph Normal Unit, of Rochester, N. Y., was generous in its donation of altar necessities for one of our Korean missionaries.

Through the Propagation of the Faith Office, we have received \$100 from the

Big Opportunity for Advertisers!

MIDSUMMER SPECIAL ISSUE

OF

THE FIELD AFAR

This special number will be read and retained for reference in—

- 2,776 Schools, Colleges, Hospitals, and Clubs,
- 137,076 Homes,—and by
- 3,883 Bishops and Priests, quantity buyers for Church and various uses;
- 1,770 Sisters, quantity buyers for Convents and Schools.

Utilize this unusual opportunity. Get your product before these buyers.

FORMS CLOSE JUNE 10th.

Write for advertising rates.

Circulation 145,505

Stella Maris Unit, of Brooklyn, towards the Bishop Molloy Burse.

We are grateful for the ever-welcome "Stringless Gifts" received from St. Bernard's Seminary Unit, of Rochester, N. Y., and also from the Kenrick Catholic High School, St. Louis, Mo.

Here is a suggestion from the Junior division of St. Patrick's Seminary, in Menlo Park, California:

I enclose a small stringless gift of \$6 from the Junior Division of St. Patrick's College. It is the result of nickel fines imposed on the students who spilt gravy, milk, or water on the table cloth in the refectory. The nickels came in rather fast during the first month; but, fortunately or unfortunately (according to the point of view), the income decreased rapidly and finally stopped.

We may be able to send you later a more valuable gift; I mean two good students.



*Jack and Jill had had their spill
The tears came tumbling after,
But with the JUNIOR in their hands
They soon were filled with laughter.*

The MARYKNOLL JUNIOR

Maryknoll's Monthly Mission Chat With Young Folks

Special Offer: Three Months FREE!

Subscribe now for the next year (September to June) and we will send free the three remaining issues of this year—April, May, June.

Regular price is

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Address: Maryknoll Junior, Maryknoll, New York

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Dropped from the Skies.



When Johnny Garden-plot turns his butterfly kite to the winds, he gets some fun out of it but nothing else. When Malie Knoll send hers up, it showers graces — and brings back the daily bread.

WE are grateful for all gifts and subscriptions to the Maryknoll magazines, THE FIELD AFAR and The Maryknoll Junior, which came from:

Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Canada, Canal Zone, China, Germany, India, Italy, Nova Scotia, Oceania, Philippine Islands.

Some unusually valuable jewelry came recently with a card enclosed, on which was written, "A sacrifice for the Souls in Purgatory, offered for my intention."

Fr. Ford must certainly have been grateful to receive from St. Edward's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, in St. Louis, the year's salary (\$180) of a catechist.

Our recent call for STRINGLESS GIFTS reached some good hearts. Friends of Maryknoll may trust to the judgment of those who must see all the fields. If anyone should ask you what we need most just now, tell him, "A STRINGLESS GIFT."

Other gifts came to us from friends in Boston, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Mo., New York, and Paris, France.

Among unusual donations received lately was that of \$1000 for our Hospital Fund, an amount which will go far towards relieving much misery among the poorer Christians in our missions.

The two "Pats" in Korea also received a special "pat" from friends in Scranton who are following their work and encouraging their efforts.

One Annuity, from Worcester, Mass., assured us that there is still some one who believes it is bad to have relatives dissenting over p. m.'s (post-mortem-pecuniary matters).

We have been named as beneficiary in the wills of Mary Jane Mullen, Boston; and Catherine McCarthy, Brooklyn.

The following wills have matured in our favor: Hugh Corrigan, Rhode Island; Johanna Joy, Connecticut; and Neil Campbell, New Jersey.

PRIESTLY PATS.

No execution for me! I'm a "Lifer."
—Rev. Friend, Massachusetts.

I would not be without THE FIELD AFAR. God bless all who have a hand in it!—Another Rev. Friend, Massachusetts.

I enclose two War Savings Stamps which you may use as an undesignated gift. It is too much bother for me to cash them. I thought you would not mind the trouble.—A New Jersey Priest.

You have certainly one interesting periodical! Your Father Ford's letters are, to my thinking, really classical.

More and more power to you!—Rev. Friend, Kentucky.

The enclosed check represents the contents of my Mite Box. Kindly accept it as a stringless gift. It doesn't make a particle of difference to me whether you build one or two chapels with it, or whether you use it to purchase a couple of launches for your missionaries to use on the rivers of China or Korea.—Rev. Friend, New Jersey.

Fine yourself if you have made us "get after you" for that renewal.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

Living: Rev. Friends, 1; Sr. M. S.; B. A. C.; P. and M. McG.; C. G.; P. D.; M. A. B.; N. A. C.; P. C.; P. A. C.; Mrs. M. C.; Mrs. P. C.; L. M. McC.; E. B.; B. S.; M. G. H.; M. R.; A. C.; J. A.; W. J. W.; M. R.; J. and E. O'D.; M. A. R.; A. J. K.; L. L. W.; H. C. Z.; E. L. D.; Mrs. J. A.; M. P.; M. J. M.; J. A.

Deceased: John B. Patterly; Thomas S. Bohen; Thomas, John, and Peter McGee; Michael and Bridget Tiernan; William, Anna, Margaret, and Helen DeFrancesco; William V. Coffy; Mr. and Mrs. George T. Egan; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Daly; Henry and Frederick Daly; Timothy O'Brien; Edward J. Scott; Elizabeth Hart; Mary J. Durgin; Margaret Halton; Patrick C. Boyle; Edmund Stack; Ann Stack; Bernard Brady.

Pray also for these souls:

Rt. Rev. John Edward Gunn, D.D., Mother Vincent de Paul, Sister Mary Cyrilla Leonard, Mary O'Neil, Anna J. Dwyer, Catherine F. Deady, Annie Moran, John D. McCabe, Joseph A. May, Peter Kim, Mrs. Mary Smith, John J. Foley, Mary J. Madden, Catherine A. Gartland, Mrs. Margaret Staab, Rev. Charles E. Boone.

The twelve best books in the last quarter-century? — The Maryknoll Dozen, of course!

The Catholic Mission Aid Society of Pittsburgh, Pa., has once more added to its already great contribution towards our work. For many years past this diocese has kept Maryknoll on its books as a beneficiary, and each year in the allotment, distributed in many directions, we have a generous share. This year the grant was \$2,500.

Books Received.

Principles of Natural Theology. By George Hayward Joyce, S.J. Longmans Green and Co., New York. \$2.12.

Passionist Mission-Book. D. B. Hansen and Sons, Chicago.

Ethical Principles for the Character of a Nurse. By Rev. James M. Brogan, S.J. Frank Bruce, Publisher, Milwaukee. \$1.35.

The Eternal Inheritance. By Rev. F. J. Remler, C.M. Vincentian Press, 1605 Locust St., St. Louis. \$1.

Why Must I Suffer? By Rev. F. J. Remler, C.M. Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago. Paper binding, \$0.25; cloth, \$1.

OUR FRIENDS ARE OUR BEST AGENTS.

STUDENT BURSSES.

A Bursse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College. The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual bursse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar bursesses. Any bursse or share in a bursse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

FOR OUR SEMINARY.

St. Francis of Assisi Bursse.....	\$4,966.50
Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Bursse	
No. 2.....	4,573.18
The Most Precious Blood Bursse.....	4,352.11
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursse.....	4,050.00
All Souls Bursse.....	4,019.41
Holy Souls Bursse (Reserved).....	4,000.00
Sister Mary Pauline Memorial (St. Elizabeth Academy) Bursse.....	4,000.00
St. Patrick Bursse.....	3,846.99
Cure of Ars Bursse.....	3,593.20
St. Anthony Bursse.....	3,498.06
Trinity Wekanduit Bursse.....	3,298.53
St. Anne Bursse.....	3,241.50
N. M. Bursse.....	3,000.00
Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursse.....	2,637.21
St. Philomena Bursse.....	2,605.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursse.....	2,500.00
College of Mt. St. Vincent Bursse.....	2,500.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursse.....	2,447.80
St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston Bursse.....	2,222.76
College of St. Elizabeth Bursse.....	2,205.00
Father Chapon Bursse.....	2,175.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursse.....	2,071.89
Dunwoody Seminary Bursse.....	2,041.05
Marywood College Bursse.....	2,032.10
St. Michael Bursse No. 2.....	1,922.60
Holy Child Jesus Bursse.....	1,860.58
Mother Seton Bursse.....	1,755.25
Pius X Bursse.....	1,734.07
St. Dominic Bursse.....	1,561.98
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Bursse.....	1,411.70
Duluth Diocese Bursse.....	1,357.75
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursse.....	1,161.23
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America Bursse.....	1,120.00
Omnia per Mariam Bursse.....	1,014.76
St. Agnes Bursse.....	948.11
St. John Baptist Bursse.....	713.28
St. Francis Xavier Bursse.....	710.65
Susan Emery Memorial Bursse.....	697.15
St. Rita Bursse.....	646.25
St. Lawrence Bursse.....	642.50
St. Michael Bursse.....	511.03
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursse.....	424.01
St. Joan of Arc Bursse.....	404.00
St. Louis Archdiocese Bursse.....	340.00
St. Bridget Bursse.....	339.00
Holy Family Bursse.....	289.05
Children of Mary Bursse.....	253.86
St. John B. de la Salle Bursse.....	228.50
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Bursse.....	217.40
St. Boniface Bursse.....	200.00
Bishop Molloy Bursse.....	192.00
Our Lady of Victory Bursse.....	170.00
The Holy Name Bursse.....	150.00
SS. Peter and Paul Bursse.....	139.28
All Saints Bursse.....	138.50
Jesus Christ Crucified Bursse.....	132.00
St. Jude Bursse.....	101.00
Archbishop Ireland Bursse.....	100.00
St. Joseph Bursse No. 2.....	

FOR OUR COLLEGE.

Little Flower Bursse.....	4,370.45
Sacred Heart of Jesus Bursse	
(Reserved).....	4,251.19
Anonymous Diocese Bursse.....	3,000.00
Holy Eucharist Bursse (Reserved).....	2,100.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Bursse.....	1,608.80
"C" Bursse II.....	1,500.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Bursse.....	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Bursse.....	647.50
St. Michael Bursse.....	632.32
Immaculate Conception Bursse.....	106.00
St. Margaret Mary Bursse.....	106.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

For Those Seeking a List.

For Maryknoll Center

Altar—Mass-kits for missionaries, reversible vestments for Mass-kits, deacon's stoles (white), Solemn High Mass Sets of vestments, dalmatics and tunics (all colors), four red copes, humeral veils, a red humeral veil, candlesticks, candelabra, small cruets, thuribles.

Clothing—cassocks, surplices, birettas, overcoats, raincoats, kakhi garments, trousers, socks.

Farm—thoroughbred Holstein cows, grain drill, one and two horse cultivators, incubators, heavy and light harness for single horse and team, scythes, milk pails and cans.

Furnishings—rugs, tables, linens for infirmary, and for rooms.

Kitchen—cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons (soup spoons, teaspoons), water pitchers, milk pitchers, gravy bowls, napkins.

Library—dictionaries, Catholic encyclopedias, breviaries (1912 or later edition), works of St. Thomas, histories of the Church (extending to the present time), histories of the Church in America, handbook commentaries on the Scriptures, ascetical works in English, lives of saints.

Manual Labor—carpenters', plumbers', electricians', and mechanics' tools, hardware, photographic supplies, picks, shovels, spades, hoes, wooden and iron rakes.

Office—typewriters (Underwood No. 5), typewriter stands, typewriter desks, a long carriage typewriter, electric desk lamps.

Recreation—a handball court, tennis nets, portable motion picture machine, soccer balls, quoits, gymnasium equipment, piano, victrola, victrola records, musical instruments for orchestral work.

For the Preparatory College

Altar—a green cope.

Outdoors—statue of the Blessed Virgin.

For the Pacific Coast

Statue of St. Joseph and one of the Blessed Virgin.

For China

Dispensary—gauze, adhesive plaster, bedding (blankets, sheets, pillowcases).

Library—recent books on mission topics, spiritual books.

Church and School—a bell with tolling arrangement (between 200 and 250 pounds weight) for Fr. Paschang's church and school.

For Korea

Stringless gifts for Fr. Byrne and Company.

HAS YOUR PUBLIC LIBRARY COPIES OF OUR INTERESTING AND WORTHWHILE BOOKS?

AT YOUR REQUEST IT MAY INSTALL THEM.

The Completed Diocesan Bursesses are:

St. Paul Archdiocese Bursse.....	\$6,000
Providence Diocese Bursse.....	5,000
Fall River Diocese Bursse.....	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Bursse (4) each.....	15,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Bursse.....	5,000
Columbus Diocese Bursse.....	5,000
Philadelphia Archdiocese Bursse.....	5,000

STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS.

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000 the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College. The Venard.

MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund. \$275.98

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS.

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work.

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incompleted bursesses and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSSES.

Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament Bursse.....	1,000.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursse.....	601.00
Maryknoll Academia Bursse.....	300.60
Our Lady of Seven Dolours Bursse	
(In memory of Rev. Daniel J. Holland, C. S. S. R.).....	607.04

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Yeungkong Fund, II.....	1,826.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	1,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	646.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Fund.....	360.00
Holy Spirit Bursse.....	800.00

If arduous labor is demanded, keep in mind "the sooner begun the better." There are two reasons for an early start in any undertaking. In the first place, a task often seems more difficult in anticipation than the actual accomplishment proves it to be; and there is a state of continual worry and uncertainty until the start is made. In the second place, if you put things off, the original impulse is lost; your enthusiasm is apt to die down; and other matters arise which call for attention. No work is ever so hard that an energetic beginning will not make it easier.

—Chinese Philosophy.

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

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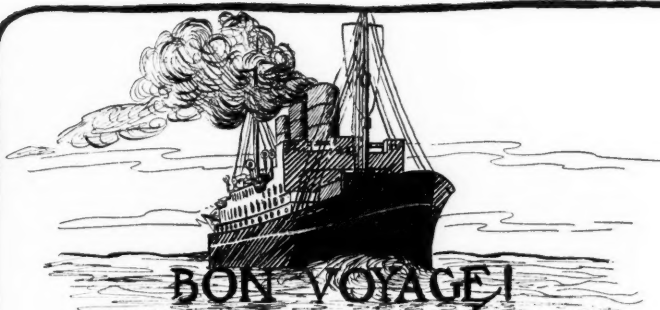
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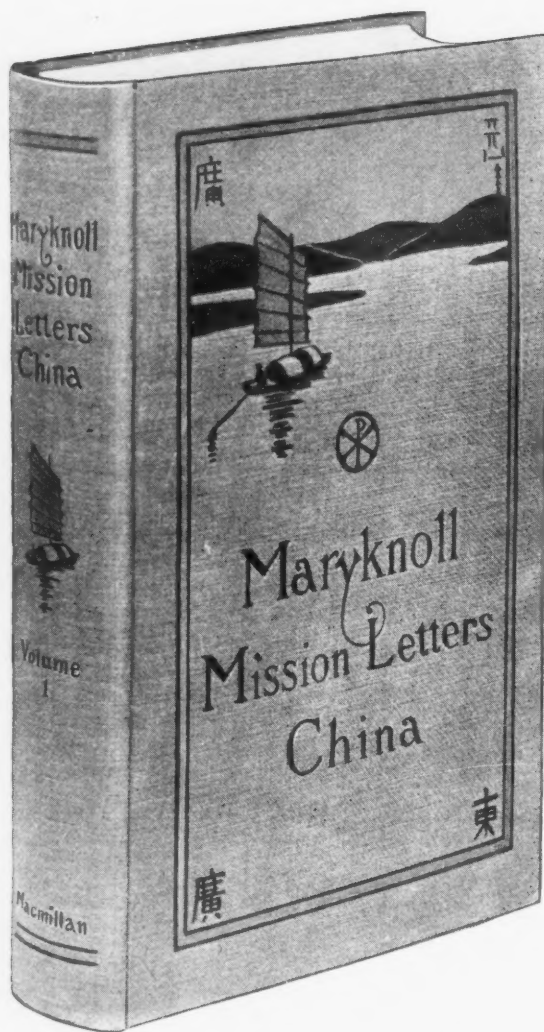
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A Book of Beauty Within and Without



Extracts from the letters and diaries of the pioneer Maryknoll missionaries to China.

Size of book.....9" x 6"
 Binding.....blue cloth stamped in gold
 Pages of text with Index.....364
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